



A SON OF THE
NAVAHOS
JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

A SON OF THE NAVAHOS

By James Willard Schultz

WHEN his mother and father were killed during an Indian raid, Wampin, a Navaho boy, was captured and brought up by the Tewa Indians. As he grew older, a desire to be a leader among his adopted people led him to clash with enemies, who bitterly opposed him

How he accomplished his purpose and led the Pueblo people to victory over the Utes and Navahos makes one of the most interesting and exciting stories that James Willard Schultz, the best of the Indian-story writers, has ever produced.

Illustrated

A SON OF THE NAVAHOS



JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

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A Son of the Navahos



‘NAVAHO DOG, IF HE DIES, THEN YOU DIE, TOO!’ (page 43)

A SON OF THE NAVAHOS

BY
JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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'NAVAHO DOG, IF HE DIES, THEN YOU DIE, TOO!'

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Drawn by Rodney Thomson

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CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE AT THE PUEBLO OF THE BEAR

‘YES, Blackfoot-White-Man, it was as you have heard. I was born a Navaho, and but for the thrust of a Tewa lance, I should have remained a Navaho; that lance thrust made me a Tewa Indian — I hope a good one.’

Thus the old Summer Cacique answered me, as with interpreter Thin Cloud we sat in the south kiva of San Ildefonso Pueblo one day last spring. Artists of my acquaintance in Santa Fé had introduced me to him, telling him that I was a white man with the heart of a Blackfoot Indian, — as I was brought up among the Blackfeet, — and he had welcomed me in his pueblo, given me quarters in one of his own clean, whitewashed rooms, and, rare privilege, granted me the freedom of the sacred kiva. But I wanted more than that. I wanted the story of his remarkably eventful and courageous life, of which I had heard

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hints; and that he promised to give me little by little during rests from his spring plantings of corn and repairing of the life-giving acequias.

So there I was that April day, happily situated in the old Tewa village, a village built long before the voyage of Columbus and found by Coronado, in 1540, to be in prosperous condition. It was with a feeling of awe and reverence that I first descended the ladder into that semi-subterranean adobe kiva, — a room some forty feet in diameter, — in which for countless years the caciques, shamans, delight-makers, and clan chiefs of the Tewa Indians had offered up their prayers to Those Above. The foot of the ladder was just behind the hearth where the sacred fire burned, and near it was the small hole in the hard-packed earth floor that represented the entrance to Sipapu, the Underworld. Jutting out from the kiva wall was a continuous bench of adobe, a seat for the tribal fathers and dignitaries; above it two immense plumed serpents were painted on the gray wall, and between them were paintings of the Sun Father, the Moon Mother, and their Star Children along with the notched and curved symbols of the clouds, rain, and wind. I was

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eager to learn the meaning of the paintings, but during that first sitting in the kiva I asked no questions. Instead I told about the religion of the Blackfeet. That proved to be of absorbing interest to the old Cacique, and, convinced that, though white of skin, I really was a Blackfoot, he thereafter freely told me about the Tewa religion and permitted me to witness the many esoteric rites pertaining to it — rites that no other white man has ever seen. During the two months of my residence in the pueblo he took me almost daily down into the kiva and in its still coolness modestly related the story of his life. For that and for many other favors I am deeply grateful to him.

And now, as nearly in his own words as Thin Cloud could translate them, I give you the old man's life-story. I had great pleasure in hearing and writing it; may you have as much in reading.

Oh, you powerful ones of the four world directions, [thus Wampus, the old Cacique, began with a prayer,] you Above Ones and you down there in the pleasant Underworld, I sacrifice to you this sacred meal! I am going to tell this white

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Blackfoot, this friend to all us peoples of the desert, the valleys, and the mountains, the story of my life. Help me, I pray you, to tell it in all truth and with kindness of heart for those dead and those living who opposed my way. Thanks! Thanks!

We were a Navaho family of four — my father, my mother, my brother, and myself. My brother, Lone Rock, was three years younger than I and sickly and weak. I helped my mother care for him and was, as you may say, a second mother to him. As the Navahos are to-day so were they in the time of my youth — so many, such a great multitude of people that they could not possibly all live together. In small bands they wandered about over the desert and in the mountains, the men hunting food animals, the women and children gathering such edible roots and nuts and berries as were to be found. My father was the leader, the chief, of the band of about twenty families with which we traveled and camped. Far were our roamings: up and down the San Juan River and north of it; east to the great thick-grassed plains, where we had all that we wanted of fat buffalo meat; south to the pine-

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clad, snow-topped mountains of the Apaches, where were plenty of elk and deer, and west to the rim of the Colorado, so deep down in the desert that to look into it made one shiver.

To my father the hunting of food animals was hard and tiresome work. Whenever he could procure enough meat to last our little family for several moons he would lead men of our band and other bands upon raids against enemy peoples; that gave him great excitement and pleasure. Generally he led his warriors against settlements of the Spanish far to the south and returned with fine horses, saddles, clothing, guns, lances, and knives that he took from them. But sometimes, more for what he called exciting happiness than for anything that he could gain, he led his men against the peace-loving, corn-raising pueblo peoples of this Rio Grande and other valleys. For that my mother always scolded him.

‘If you will go away to fight,’ she would say to him, ‘leave those poor corn-raisers to their peaceful work and fight the Spanish men who little by little are pushing their way up into our country and will soon claim all of it unless you make them fear the Navahos.’

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My father would reply: 'I will fight the Spaniards and the corn-raisers, too, for they are friendly to the Spaniards.' And more than once he said to her: 'Some day I will make a raid on the corn-raisers that will surprise you, that will provide enough food to last you and the children for several winters. You will not have to gather roots and nuts; you will just sit in the hogan and cook and eat and grow fat.'

Said my mother: 'Never yet have I had a day of restful idleness, and never shall I have one.'

In the spring of my tenth summer we were camped in the mountains of the San Juan River. After we had remained there for a moon or longer, the deer and elk became very few and very wise, and it was necessary for our little band to move to fresh hunting ground. At the council that was held about it my father proposed that we go south to the Canyon de Chelly and hunt antelope, which were very plentiful in that part of the desert. To the proposal the old shaman of our little band made strong objection. All along that canyon, he said, were the spirits of the people who had lived in its cliffs in ancient time, and those spirits would probably do us harm.

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My father laughed at that. 'Those spirits are not Navaho nor even Apache spirits,' he said. 'They are the spirits of long-ago corn-raisers who lived in the canyon cliffs, ancestors of the pueblo corn-raisers of to-day, and therefore are without power to hurt us.'

The other men of our band agreed with him. They overruled the shaman and decided to move to the canyon. Said the shaman when we made the start to the south: 'Now! We go to that canyon of the ancient ones in spite of my warning. You will see the day when you will wish that you had never gone there. I had a vision last night. I saw many dead men and women. They were Navahos.'

He was a very old man, that shaman; my father and others believed that he had become as a little child. The time came when I realized that he was a man of great wisdom.

We found antelope, deer, and bighorns very plentiful along that canyon of the long-ago people. Day after day my father brought to our hogan carcasses and hides of the animals, and when he had brought enough to last us for several moons he set out with five others of our band to

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raid the Spanish settlements. But he soon returned, and when my mother questioned him he laughed and replied: 'I turned back from the trail to the Spaniards because of you. I am going to fulfill my promise. This coming winter you will do nothing but cook and eat and grow fat.'

'Why joke, why tease your poor, hard-working woman?' she asked sadly.

'This is one time that I am not teasing you!' he exclaimed. 'I was leading my men. I was intent upon the trail to the Spaniards. We neared the Tewa pueblo that is nearest us — the one close to the big springs. We halted to rest and as we rested we looked down upon it. We saw that those Tewa people had made larger plantings of corn than ever before; all round the pueblo near and far was the blue-green of the growing plants. And there, looking down upon all that richness of growing food, I thought of you, my woman. I said to myself: "If I go on to the Spanish settlements, I will get more horses, guns, clothing, and maybe a scalp or two, but of those we have already plenty. One thing we lack, and that is food for the coming winter. Now I am going to please my woman. I will not go on to war against the

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Spaniards, I will turn back; and when this Tewa corn ripens I will come here with a great war party of my people and harvest it." There! Does that please you?

'Your thought for me makes my heart sad,' my mother replied. 'Not only will you seize all that Tewa corn; you will doubtless kill off the corn-growers and take their pueblo and all the beautiful and useful things that it contains. Leave them to their peaceful ways and take again your trail to the Spaniards.'

'No! I shall raid that Tewa pueblo! You shall have not only plenty of Tewa corn, but enough gowns, blankets, and cloth of Tewa weaving to last you all your life, though you become as old as these canyon cliffs!'

As my father said that, a number of women came running to our hogan and asked my mother if it were true that my father was going to lead a great war party against the Tewa pueblo of the springs and seize it and its great fields of corn. When she replied that she feared he would surely do it, they went off singing and dancing and laughing, happy with the thought of all the riches that were soon to be theirs.

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But next morning the old shaman of our band came to my father and, trembling with anger, said to him: 'You are not to attempt to take that Tewa pueblo! Can you not see what it is that gave you the thought to do it?'

'I do see. I long ago promised my woman such a large store of food that she could rest from root-and-nut-gathering, and I am now going to fulfill that promise.'

'I told you that no good could come of our camping here by this canyon of the ancient cliff dwellers!' the old man cried. 'Oh, can't you see the trap that their spirits have set? They caused you to halt upon your way to the Spaniards and look down upon those Tewa cornfields with eyes of desire. Those Tewas are their descendants; the spirits intend to have them destroy you and your warriors when you attack the place. Come! I want you to order camp to be moved away from here this day, and when that is done go you on against the Spanish and without another thought to take the Tewa pueblo!'

'Old man, I pity you. I respect old age. I shall not argue with you. This much I will say just to show you how mistaken you are, how useless are

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your fears for me. In that Tewa pueblo are no more than three hundred men. When the time comes I shall lead six hundred warriors against them and completely overcome them.'

The old shaman folded his hands and, leaning over, muttered something, probably a prayer; then he rose stiffly and without another word went back to his hogan.

'Ha! How strange are the minds of the old! Of course the spirits of the ancient cliff dwellers can have no influence over us Navahos!' my father exclaimed.

After several days' rest my father set out to visit the chiefs of other bands of the Navahos. Later on they all came over to our camp and had a council about the proposed attack upon the Tewa pueblo. It was decided that a watch should be set over the pueblo, and that when the people were seen to be ready to begin harvesting their corn my father should call the warriors to join him at the foot of a twin mountain of red rock not far west of the pueblo. From there he would lead them against the pueblo.

From that time six or eight young men of one and another of the Navaho bands constantly

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watched the pueblo from the mountain heights. After a few days there each party of scouts would be relieved by a fresh one, and each gave to the other my father's instructions: they were not to attack any Tewa people whom they might see wandering about away from the pueblo, and every few nights they were to steal down into the cornfields and see how the grain was ripening and then send a few ears of it to him for his inspection.

Now this pueblo that my father was to attack was the Tewa pueblo Walatoa — Pueblo of the Bear — sometimes called Pueblo-that-you-go-down-into, because it lies close at the foot of a steep range of mountains between it and the other Tewa pueblos to the east. The Spaniards named it Jemez Pueblo.

I turn now to the people of Walatoa, whom the Navaho scouts were watching. One afternoon a certain man carefully weeded a part of his cornfield. Early the next morning when he went to it to finish the work he found strange moccasin tracks in the earth that he had cleaned and loosened the day before. He called to several near-by gardeners, and all agreed that the tracks

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were made by a wearer of Navaho moccasins. A few days later and again and again Navaho moccasin tracks were found in the fields. Then not once, but several times, young Tewa men out hunting turkeys on the near mountain-side saw Navaho men watching them but making no attempt to follow and attack them. They reported this to the Summer Cacique of the pueblo, and he called a council in the south kiva, at which it was decided that without doubt the Navahos were planning to raid the cornfields when the grain should ripen, as they had done before in years long past. The warriors of the Pueblo of the Bear were few; the Navaho warriors were as many as the corn leaves in the fields. What was to be done? Remain within the walls of the pueblo and see the Navahos harvest and carry off the corn, the very life of the people?

‘No! Never again shall they do that!’ the war chief cried. ‘Leave this matter to me! Now this very day I go across the mountains to council with the war chiefs of the other pueblos of our people. Without doubt we shall this time find some way to make our Navaho enemies cry.’

Accompanied by five of his leading warriors, the

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war chief left Walatoa that evening, and, traveling all night, they crossed the mountains and in the morning arrived here in Where-the-River-Comes-out Pueblo, which, as you know, the Spaniards call San Ildefonso Pueblo. That name means nothing; far different the Tewa name. Just above here the Rio Grande issues from its long and deep and narrow canyon to flow gently through this wide and pleasant valley. Therefore when they built here hundreds of years ago they rightly named the place Poquoge — Where-the-River-Comes-out Pueblo.

Right here in this very kiva, my friend, the war chief of Walatoa and the one of this pueblo counseled together, and then they sent messengers to the war chiefs of the other Tewa pueblos, — Nambe, Tesuque, San Juan, Santa Clara, and Pojoaque, — and in a short time they all came and held long council with the Walatoa war chief. One and all they promised him that as the time came near for the corn to ripen they would hold their warriors in readiness and hurry to help him fight the Navahos whenever he should send for them. On the following day the Walatoa war chief returned home, and, after long talk with the

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pueblo councilmen, sent scouts out into the desert to watch the Navaho bands, even as their scouts were keeping watch upon the growing Tewa corn. But his scouts were so cautious, so careful in their movements, that their presence there in Navaho country was never discovered, never even suspected.

Presently one of my father's scouts came with ears of Tewa corn that were well formed, the kernels puffed and milky, the tassels blackened and shriveled at their ends. He at once sent messengers to the chiefs of the other bands of the tribe to inform them that the corn was almost ripe, and that with their warriors they should join him at Three Springs, on the Rio Puerco, a short day's journey west of Walatoa Pueblo. We moved over there. One by one other bands joined us, and within a few days we were a multitude of people. Scouts brought in more Tewa corn. The ears were ripe and hardening, and my father ordered the start for the great attack to be made at sundown. At that the five or six hundred warriors began to sing and dance, and the women to laugh and chatter and talk about the fun they were to have in plundering the Tewa pueblo, seiz-

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ing the handsome woven gowns and blankets of its women, their turquoise necklaces and bracelets, and their great stores of food.

‘I shall not go with you; I shall remain here with our children,’ my mother said to my father.

‘Not go?’ he shouted. ‘Of course you will go with me, and the boys too! I would not have them miss this for anything that you could name! This that they are to see at the Tewa pueblo will make them eager to become warriors!’

My mother said to me: ‘As your father orders so must we do. Run in the horses and help me saddle and pack them.’

I obeyed. My father, on a fierce, swift Spanish stallion, was already off, leading the happy, singing warriors. We set my sick brother upon the gentlest one of our animals and trailed after the long procession of women and children. As we left the camp-ground, one of our dogs sat down and, lifting nose to the sky, howled mournfully.

‘Eya, eya! He voices my own belief: we ride to great disaster!’ said my mother and began to weep.

I did not know what to think. On the one side were my mother and the old shaman, sure that



MY FATHER, ON A FIERCE, SWIFT SPANISH STALLION, WAS
ALREADY OFF

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the spirits of the ancient cliff people were to do us harm, make us pay dearly for camping upon their sacred ground, and on the other side was my father, sure of complete victory over the Tewa. Upon my back in a deerskin case were my bow and arrows, just sharp-pointed shafts that I used for hunting rabbits. I wondered if by using all my strength I could shoot one of them deep into a Tewa breast. And then another thought: should I have courage to attempt it?

We rode on and on through the night, and near morning my father brought us all to a halt in a deep valley putting out from the mountains. Leaving our horses and camp outfit there, we all went afoot along the steep mountain-side and just before daybreak came to a stand close above the Tewa pueblo. Then my father said loud enough for all to hear: 'Old men, and you women and children, conceal yourselves here in the brush. Keep still and watch us men destroy those Tewa corn-raisers. We are going down into the corn-fields to hide ourselves, and when the people come out to work we shall attack them, kill them off, and rush into the pueblo and take it. As soon as we have it I will stand on a housetop and wave

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my blanket, and you can then come down and help yourselves to the countless rich Tewa belongings that you will find there. Now, then, we go!'

It was still night, and we soon lost sight of the warriors. The women and children began to scatter out to hiding-places in the brush. Our mother led Lone Rock and me eastward along the mountain-side, looking for a good place of concealment, and after long search brought us to a stand close under a low cliff. She had us sit down on either side of her in the low, thick brush, and there she began to pray for the safety of our father.

The first faint white light of day came and grew stronger; the sky turned red, and we could plainly see the Tewa pueblo close under us. Upon the roof of a house at the east end stood three men. No others were in sight, and our mother said that it was strange that none of the women were coming out to the spring for water. We looked at the great green cornfields and wondered in which of them our father was concealed. Sun appeared, rose higher and higher above the world rim, and still of all the people of the pueblo only the three men on the housetop were to be seen.

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Our mother became so anxious that she could not sit still. 'Your father is in great danger! I am sure of it!' she said to us again and again.

And then as sudden as a burst of thunder came a change in that peaceful scene below. Facing the east, the three men on the housetop began shouting and waving high their blankets, and in answer to their signals a multitude of shouting warriors sprang from an arroyo to the east of the cornfields and charged into them, while from the pueblo came hundreds and hundreds of other warriors and charged into the west side of the corn. Instead of the three hundred men of Walatoa that my father expected to fight he was besieged by all the warriors of the seven Tewa pueblos. There was terrible shooting of guns and shrieks of the dying down there in the green fields, and everywhere we saw men fighting one another. And then out from the fields, fleeing in all directions, went my father's warriors, with the Tewas close at their heels and striking them down. They began to swarm up the mountain-side, and we sprang to our feet.

'What shall I do, oh, what shall I do with my sick, weak boy?' my mother cried.

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Spying a hole in the bottom of the cliff, she ran to it, calling us to follow. It was a narrow, low little cave not very deep, but at the back of it was a heap of twigs, leaves, and grass, the year-after-year gatherings of a family of wood rats. She hastily drew out great armfuls of the rubbish and made my brother and me lie down in the hole; then, covering us with the material that she had drawn out, she said that she would run and hide somewhere above, and that we must lie perfectly still until she came for us. Lone Rock cried out to her to hide there with us.

‘I can’t! There isn’t room for me!’ she sobbed, and with a last caution to us to lie still was gone.

The dust there blinded and choked us. Lone Rock whimpered, and I cautioned him to be still. We could hear the fight still going on below — shooting, shouting, yells of pain, and the glad singing of the Tewa warriors. Then soon we heard near by the *scuff, scuff, scuff* of moccasined feet upon the rocks, and Tewa men came and stood close in front of us and talked loudly and excitedly as if in disagreement. Suddenly one of them plunged his lance into the rat gatherings that covered us. Its sharp point cut into my shoulder,

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and I, who was yet a little fellow, gave a yell of pain and fear. Instantly our covering was torn from us, and we were seized by two black-painted, eagle-plumed Tewa warriors and brought up standing upon our feet in the midst of five of them. I saw a war club raised to brain my brother, and I jumped and seized and hung on to the man's arm and bit into it. 'He is sick, weak! Don't you dare hurt my brother!' I cried. As if they could understand!

CHAPTER II

THE SONS OF NACITIMA

MY words meant nothing to that Tewa, but my bite caused him to wince. He did not strike my brother; instead he seized me by the throat, held me off and raised his club to brain me. Then suddenly he grinned and lowered the weapon, saying to his companions, as I afterward learned: 'The little rat is eager to protect the weak one. I am minded to let him live; the other, too.'

'No! No! Let's kill them both!' cried a man behind him.

Just then a fresh fight broke out above us. Four of the Tewas ran to join it, and we were alone with our captor, who had released my throat and now held me firmly by an arm. He stared down at me and my trembling brother, and looked up the mountain-side to where the fight was going on. I heard our mother shriek up there, heard her cry out: 'Oh, my poor boys! I leave —' and then no more. I knew that she was killed. I tried to seize the knife in my captor's

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belt and stab him; he only laughed and held me with firmer grip. Lone Rock had also heard that last despairing cry of our mother. He swayed like a slender bush in the wind and fell at our feet and lay still.

The Tewa stooped and lifted my brother and, carrying him and leading me by the arm, started down the mountain. I did not resist. That cry of my mother was ringing in my ears. She was dead! I did not care what happened to me. I thought that our captor would take my brother and me to the pueblo and there kill us before its crowd of people.

We were soon at the foot of the mountain. We went on across the flat strewn with dead Navahos and a few, a very few, Tewas. There was a great crowd of women and children outside the entrance to the pueblo; they stared at us, some of the children pointing and shouting to us, calling us bad names of course. Our captor spoke to one of the women, and she followed us into the plaza of the pueblo and across it to one of the long rows of adobe houses.

We entered a white-walled room. In one corner of it was a couch of buffalo robes and blan-

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kets; our captor set Lone Rock upon it. He had regained consciousness, but looked very pitiful as he sat there, sad of face, bent over, staring at the floor. The man and the woman talked together; their language sounded very strange in my ears. Then the man went out, and the woman crossed to the fireplace, got some little rolls of thin corn bread, and offered them first to my brother and then to me. We refused to touch them. She brought us water, but we would not drink. We heard a great crowd of warriors come singing into the plaza, but I could not see them, because the window of the room was of oiled rawhide and the door curtain was down. I told my brother that they were singing a song of victory over our people. He made no answer, but instead began to lament, 'Mother! Oh, my mother!'

'Hush! Hide your grief,' I said to him, but he could not cease crying.

The woman left her work and, sitting down beside him, took him in her arms and spoke gently, soothingly, stroking and smoothing his hair. It came to me that she would not do that to him if we were being held to be killed a little later be-

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fore the whole gathering of the Tewas. Well, if I were spared I would escape with my brother at the first opportunity and live for but one thing, to become a powerful leader of warriors and avenge my mother's death.

Our captor returned, followed by two women, who at once began a strong argument with the woman who was holding my brother. As they pointed to us time and again while they scolded her, I knew that we were the subject of their talk. I was sure that they were demanding that we be killed, and that she was doing her best to protect us. I began to have kindly feeling toward her and looked at her more closely. She was a slight pleasant-faced, soft-eyed, short woman of about forty winters. Her voice was low and clear. While the other women stared at me with hatred in their eyes she looked at me several times and smiled and nodded her head slightly, as if trying to tell me to take courage, that Lone Rock and I should not be harmed. The two women turned from her to our captor, one and then the other talking to him loudly. He stared at them, looked thoughtfully at my brother and at me and never once replied.

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Suddenly my brother, staring and pointing behind me, shrieked: 'See that! See that! Our father's necklace!' I turned round. There was no mistaking the heavy turquoise necklace with a pendant of shell carved to represent an eagle that was worn by a man who had just come to the doorway. All turned and looked at the man. He smiled grimly and spoke to them, pointing to the necklace and holding out a gun. It was my father's gun. This man had killed my father!

The newcomer crossed the room and, putting my father's gun and his own in a corner, sat down and gave orders to the two women. They brought him an olla of water, and then a pipe and tobacco, and he smoked and talked with our captor. He spoke to the women, and they hurried to attend to their cooking; it was evident that this was their home. After a time they set bowls of bean and corn and meat stew and corn bread before us all and helped themselves to bowls of it. Lone Rock just glanced at his bowl, turned away his head, and would not answer me when I said that he should eat so as to have strength to meet whatever the Tewas had in store for us. I ate all of my portion, and when I finished, the kind little wo-

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man let me know by her looks and smiles that she was pleased.

When the meal was over and all the others had gone out, she filled a bowl with fresh hot stew and took it and some bread to my brother; she and I both urged him to eat it, and he did so. Then she spoke to us very softly, using certain words over and over and pointing to herself and to the doorway; but we could not understand. I tried to talk with her in the sign language used by the Navahos and all the other Indian tribes that roam desert, plains, and mountains, but she knew not one sign. None of the village, corn-raising tribes know the language.

All day long many Tewas kept coming to the room where Lone Rock and I were held, and most of them stared at us with hatred, pointed to us as they talked loudly to our captor and the kind one, who by many little signs we saw was his woman. Night came, and outside there was dancing and singing. The kind one led us into an inner room and had us lie on a couch of tanned skins and blankets; there she left us. We mourned for our father and mother, grieved that he had not listened to the warnings of the old shaman.

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We talked about attempting to escape as soon as the Tewas slept, and then our eyes closed, and we slept until the kind woman woke us. Day had come. Gone was our chance to escape.

After a time we heard a man out in the plaza shouting something. Our captor and his woman hastily arose, got together their weapons and blankets, and led Lone Rock and me outside. Some hundreds of men and a few women were gathered there, and they had a number of horses, including my father's Spanish stallion, which they had captured from our people the day before. Lone Rock cried when he saw it. Our captor lifted him, set him upon a saddled horse, and held the lead rope. The crowd filed out of the pueblo, and we went with them off across the flat to the foot of the mountain to the east, where in single file we began ascending a narrow, hard-worn trail. All the morning we climbed up and up the high range, and when the sun was past the middle began the long descent on the east side. Far below in a wide valley gleamed the water of a wide and winding river, this Big River, the Rio Grande of the Spaniards. Near sunset, when we approached it, we saw on its other side a large

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pueblo surrounded by fields of corn. Our captor pointed to it and said to us: 'Poquoge. Poquoge.' Then he pointed to himself and to it and repeated 'Poquoge,' so giving us to understand that he lived there.

Without thinking, I repeated after him, 'Poquoge,' and so for the first time spoke a Tewa word. We crossed the river and entered Poquoge, this pueblo that the Spaniards call San Ildefonso. As we passed through the narrow, barricaded entrance I said to Lone Rock that we would go out of it forever within a few days. That was seventy summers ago, and here I am still in Poquoge. Lone Rock, my brother, is near by; he lies under the sands out there near the river-edge. Later on I shall tell you of his terrible end.

When we had passed through the then single opening in the walls of the pueblo we came into a square plaza on each side of which was a row of one-story and two-story houses. We went through a narrow passage in the south row and, coming into another plaza with its four rows of houses, halted at the foot of a ladder leaning against the wall of a house in the north row. There our captor lifted Lone Rock from the horse

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and set him down upon his feet. As a crowd of women and children gathered round us, our captor motioned to him and me to follow his woman up the ladder, and she led us across the roof of the house and into a two-story house at the back of it. As soon as we had passed through the curtained doorway she gave Lone Rock a quick hug and kiss and led him to a couch in a corner of the room. He lay down and fell asleep.

While the woman started a fire I looked about me and saw that the room was the center one of three that formed the upper story of the house. The east room seemed to be full of corn; the west one, as much as I could see of it through the passageway in the wall, contained robes and blanket couches, and its walls were hung with beautiful garments, shields, head-dresses, skins of the fox and other animals.

Having built a fire with wood that was at hand, the woman took up a large olla and went out for water. There were many ollas of different sizes on either side of the hearth, some of them beautifully painted. There were also many food bowls and cups, all of them made, decorated, and fired by the woman, who was, as I afterward learned,

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the most skillful potter in the pueblo. Some of the designs painted upon the ollas and the bowls seemed familiar. Where had I seen the like of them? With sharp pain I remembered: in the silent, dusty, crumbling homes of the ancient corn-raisers of Canyon de Chelly. Several of the old ollas and bowls had been taken and used by women of our band. Dearly, very dearly we had paid for that desecration! 'Oh, my father! Why, why did you not heed our old shaman's warning?' I cried.

I was still standing there in the room when the woman returned, followed by our captor, who was carrying many ears of new corn. He tossed them down by the hearth and motioned me to remove my bow and my arrow case and to rest beside my sleeping brother. The woman roasted the corn, brought a number of the ears and a bowl of water to the couch, and, waking my brother, urged him to eat. He cried and refused, and she took him in her arms, kissed him, whispered softly to him, and at last got him to taste the corn. It was so good that he eagerly ate four or five ears of it. All the time the woman held him against her shoulder, and her man smilingly

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looked on. When my brother had finished eating, the woman took off his clothing, laid him down upon the couch, and covered him with a blanket. I marveled at her; I could not understand her strong love for an enemy child.

Our captor roused me as the sun was rising, and I went with him to the river, where we bathed. My brother was still sleeping when we returned to the pueblo. We ate some corn bread and dried meat, and then the man gave me to understand that I was to go with him out to his cornfield. It was one of the many large fields east of the pueblo, and besides corn he raised plenty of squashes, beans, melons, and wheat. He cut a melon into thin slices and handed me several of them. Never had I tasted anything so sweet. He laughed when he saw how very greedily I ate the slices and, pointing to melons upon the vines and then to me, made me understand that I could have all that I wanted of them. We began stripping the ears of corn from the stalks and putting them in piles, and at noon we went back to the pueblo with all the ears that we could carry in our blankets. I was glad to find my brother sitting up on the couch. The woman had washed



WAKING MY BROTHER, URGED HIM TO EAT

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and dressed him, combed and braided his long hair, and tinged his cheeks with red paint. He was stronger and brighter than he had been for a long time. He ate well of the stew that the woman set before us. 'That is right; eat plenty, gain strength for the time when we shall escape from here,' I said to him.

In the afternoon I went out again with our captor. We caught one of the horses, saddled it, threw a large pair of deer-leather bags across the saddle, and, filling them with ears of the corn that we had gathered in the morning, led the horse back into the pueblo and unloaded at the foot of the ladder that we used. There the woman husked the ears and carried them up on to the roof above to dry. We made four trips to the cornfield during the afternoon, and each time along the way and in the pueblo plazas I was made almost blind with anger by bands of Tewa boys and girls who, following, laughed and jeered and scolded me until my captor made them turn back. I felt sure that they were calling me a Navaho slave. Well, I would not long be a slave. I would some day make them pay dearly for their taunts.

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Day after day the man and I worked steadily, harvesting the large crop of grain and things that he had raised, and when the field was bare we took pack horses and brought in loads of wood for use during the cold moons of winter. So passed three moons, and at the end of that time I had found no way by which my brother and I could escape from the pueblo and return to our people. And then came the snow, covering the mountains, — snow in which we could surely be trailed, — and I knew that we could not hope to get away until summer should come again.

From the day of our arrival in the pueblo my brother had grown stronger and heavier and at last was wholly cured of the sickness that he had had from the time of his birth. And now in the fourth moon of our captivity, when I told him that we must remain where we were as long as the mountains were covered with snow, his reply so surprised me that for a time I was speechless.

‘Brother,’ said he, ‘I do not want to escape.’

‘What? Do you not want to return to our people?’ I at last managed to ask.

‘No! I want to remain here.’

‘Why?’

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‘Because I love this woman who loves me and is a second mother to me. Because I love this man, this Tewa man, who is so kind and good to us.’

It was true they were good to us. They gave us good food and good clothing. The woman loved Lone Rock so much that she never let him out of her sight or call. The man protected me from the children of the pueblo. But why, why did they do this? I could not understand. I said no more at the time about returning to our people. With the coming of spring my brother would be glad enough, I thought, to go back to our great country in the west.

By this time Lone Rock and I understood a good deal of the Tewa language, he more than I, for the kind woman had been constantly teaching him words and their meaning, and he could speak perfectly all that he knew of it. I had not yet tried to pronounce the words that I knew. I had had no desire to learn the language or anything about the Tewas and their ways of life. Day after day from the time of our capture I had been seeking some way by which we could escape from the pueblo and return safely to our people.

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But now something occurred that made me eager to learn this other tongue.

I had of course noticed the big round kiva in our plaza — that is, the south plaza — and had frequently seen men ascending its steps and then descending the ladder that projected from the square aperture in its roof, and I realized that they were the leading men of the pueblo going down into it to counsel together and to pray to their gods. I had never been near it; never yet had I gone down into the plaza or into any other part of the pueblo to wander about by myself; nor had my brother. The Tewa children were so hostile to us that we were obliged to remain away from them; we could not possibly fight them all.

One evening shortly after my brother had told me that he did not want to escape, the heat in our room was so great that I took up my blanket and went out upon the roof in front to cool off. Standing there and looking down into the plaza, I saw by the dim glow of firelight in the entrance to the kiva that it was occupied, and presently faintly heard the men down in it singing. A wonderful song it was; the little that I could hear of it made me tremble and hold my breath. The

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night was very dark; there were no children about. I descended our ladder, stole across the plaza, and cautiously looked into the kiva through the small air-hole in the west wall. I saw a number of men sitting upon the circular bench jutting out from the wall, and I fastened my gaze upon the wall paintings of the Plumed Serpent and Those Above. Before the hearth of the sacred fire an old man was praying; he ended his prayer and began again the song that I had so faintly heard. The other men joined in, one of them softly beating a drum in time with it. Again I trembled; within me I felt the desire to do great things. This was a song with words, a song prayer to the gods of the Tewas, the gods of their fathers, the long-ago corn-raisers of Canyon de Chelly—gods far more powerful than the gods of my people.

The song ended, but the effect of it remained within me. The men arose, preparing to leave the kiva. I recrossed the plaza and, still weak and trembly, climbed our ladder and went in and lay down beside my brother. I could not sleep. I kept thinking of the wonderful song I had heard and the powerful Tewa gods. I wanted them to

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be my gods also. Perhaps they would if I earnestly prayed to them for help. To do that I must learn the Tewa language thoroughly. 'I will begin speaking it at once,' I vowed.

On the following morning, when our captor said to me that, since the day was windless and not very cold, we would saddle several pack horses and go after wood, he and his woman and my brother were surprised when I replied in Tewa that it were well for us to go, for our supply of wood was becoming very small.

Said the man: 'I am pleased.'

The woman gave me a hug and a kiss and said: 'Elder son, hearing you speak the Tewa language is very pleasing to your Tewa mother.'

So that was it: she and her man had taken Lone Rock and me to raise as their very own children. I talked with them about it a little later and learned that, having no children and approaching old age, they had long sought to adopt one or two; but there were no orphans in their clan, and other clans would not let their orphans go to any but near relatives. Then, when the man saved our lives, he and his woman decided to make us their children, though the whole Tewa tribe had

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advised against it, and some still maintained that evil would come of it.

I give you now our captor's name: it was Nacitima—Arrays Himself. That of his woman was Kelemana — Sparrow Hawk Maiden.

Knowing that many of the children and their elders hated us, Lone Rock and I, as I have said, had not up to this time ventured down about the pueblo by ourselves, but Kelemana had gradually brought children of near-by houses to get acquainted with us. Of those that we knew I liked best Choromana,— Blue Bird Maiden,— a beautiful girl of about my age. She visited and played with us almost daily, and when at last I began to speak her language she was eager to hear all that I would tell her about my people and their wandering life. In return she told me much about the Tewas and their customs. She told me that she was a member of the Kang — Mountain Lion — clan of the Summer People, the clans of which lived in the houses surrounding the south plaza. Behind us in the houses around the north plaza were the clans of the other division of the tribe, the Winter People. But of this you shall hear more later on.

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Choromana often urged Lone Rock and me to play with her and the other children down in the plaza, but always Kelemanana said that the time had not yet come for us to go out of her sight and watchful care. One morning Nacitima heard her say this, and he insisted that we were big enough and strong enough to take care of ourselves and should go down at once.

‘Good! We will play a game of ball, we girls against you boys,’ said Choromana.

‘No. First we will shoot at a mark, see which one of us is the best shot,’ said one of the boys.

I slung my bow and my arrow case upon my back, and we all went down into the plaza. We were crossing it when some boys of the Winter People came running into it from their plaza and joined us. One of them, Ogota, — Spotted Shells, — of about my age but of heavier body, followed me close and snatched my bow from its case. As I turned about to seize it he broke it across his upraised knee and struck my head a sharp blow with the pieces. We were right beside a small pile of winter fuel. Almost crazy with anger, hardly knowing what I did, I took up a large stick and struck his head with it, struck with all

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my strength. Down he fell, and all the children except my brother and Choromana ran off, shouting: 'The Navaho boy has killed Ogota! The enemy boy has killed Ogota!'

Women screamed, and men shouted and came running to us from all directions. A short, dish-faced man seized me by an arm and drew his knife to stab me. 'Right here I die! Brother, run to your mother!' I cried.

CHAPTER III

A NEW CHIEF SHAMAN OF THE HUNT

BUT for Choromana I could not have had time to tell my brother to run. Just as the man drew his knife to kill me she sprang and seized his arm, and though he shook her as if she were no more than a stalk of corn, still she hung on, screaming for Nacitima to come. Instead of running away my brother was trying to free me from the man, whose hold I was doing my best to break. Our strength was as nothing compared to his. With a sudden twisting jerk of his knife arm he sent the girl whirling from him and struck at me. I dodged the knife, and before he could strike again Nacitima came running and seized his arm, and upon his other side appeared the Summer Cacique, calling upon him to be still.

‘But this Navaho dog killed my son! I must kill him!’ cried the man.

‘He is not dead; I can feel his heart beating,’ shouted a woman who was kneeling at the side of the boy, Ogota.

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‘Let me see! Let me learn if he lives,’ said the other, and Nacitima let him go.

Just then the boy’s mother came, wailing loudly, and also knelt at his side. We all looked down at them silently, I with terrible feelings of regret. I hated myself for having struck so hard.

‘How is it?’ asked the Summer Cacique.

‘His heart beats, but very faintly,’ the father replied.

‘Take him home. I will follow and doctor him,’ the other ordered.

A number of people carefully lifted the boy and started off with him. The father looked back and, pointing to me, cried: ‘Navaho dog, if he dies, then you die, too!’

Kelemana, who had been out after pottery clay, came running to us, and hurried us up to our home, Choromana and Nacitima following, and there she had us tell her all that had happened. When we had finished she hugged the girl, saying over and over: ‘Brave Choromana! Good Choromana! You protected my boys! You saved their lives! Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!’

‘Thanks also from me. Had you not held on

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to the killer's arm, I could not have arrived in time to save our boys,' said Nacitima.

Lone Rock went to her and gave her a hug as he sat down beside her. And I could only say: 'You were brave! I shall not forget!'

Then Kelemana began worrying about us. If Ogota should die, his father and mother and perhaps all the clans of the Winter People would demand my life and possibly Lone Rock's too in payment.

'They shall not have them! I shall find some way to protect them!' said Nacitima.

'There may be little time; plan quickly!' the other urged. And then before more could be said a woman of the Winter People came hurrying in to us and said that Ogota had come to life and was even sitting up and eating soup.

'Good! We can now go back down in the plaza and play,' said Choromana.

'Not Lone Rock and I; we should only get into more trouble,' I replied.

'After what you did to Ogota I believe that you will be safe enough down there,' said Nacitima. 'Anyhow you cannot always remain up in here and upon the front roof. To do that would

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be cowardice. Take this knife, always wear it, and if you have to, use it!’

I was glad to get the knife in its stout rawhide sheath. I belted it on, and we went down into the plaza and played with other boys and girls who joined us. None bothered us. I grew courageous and led our little band into the plaza of the Winter People to play. Some of their children joined in our games; several of the boys, however, stood at a distance and called Lone Rock and me Navaho dogs and other bad names. None ventured close to strike us.

From that time we went about in the pueblo as freely as any of the other children. Before long Ogota joined in our play, never once mentioning what had occurred between us. I saw that he played with us only to be with Choromana, to whom he was very much attached. More than once there came to me suddenly an uneasy feeling, and, looking about, I caught his anger-burning eyes upon me. Well I knew that he had always with him the remembrance of my blow upon his head.

Spring came; the snow upon the mountains melted and disappeared, and I said to Lone Rock

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one day: 'We are no longer watched; the way is open to us; we can now escape and return to our people.'

'I do not want to escape!' he replied.

'Nor do I. It is best that we remain here with our good, kind Tewa father and mother,' I acknowledged. I had had great change of heart since the time of our capture.

Never again did we talk about returning to our country of desert and mountains.

It was now seed-planting time, and, with Nacitima teaching us, we helped him plant his field with corn, wheat, squash, beans, and sweet melon seeds, and then repair the winter-worn acequias — irrigation trenches. Not yet had the Tewa people obtained harnesses and plows from the Spaniards, but for some years they had had Spanish shovels and hoes, and with these and much muscle and sweat we worked over the earth of the great field and made it ready for the seeds. And while we did the work we learned something that greatly surprised us. Though Nacitima owned the field and the acequias running through it, once his crop was harvested and put away in the store-room, it belonged to Kelemana. Hers

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was the house and all within it, hers the children; and since she had none of her own, we adopted children belonged to her, were members of her clan, the Corn clan, and of no relation whatever to Nacitima's clan, the Turquoise. The Tewa man then was but a working consort of his woman; she owned everything, he nothing but his clothing and weapons. This was very different from the law of the Navahos, by which the man owned the children, the woman, the home, and everything within it.

As seed-planting time neared its end we heard much praying and singing in the kiva in our plaza, and were told that the shamans were entreating Those Above to bring frequent and heavy rains to the seeded fields. Then on a day when the planting was finished a great stream of beautifully dressed men and women followed by old men drummers and singers came out of the kiva and gave a ceremonial dance for the favor of the gods. All alike were the woven kilts of the men — white with red zigzag borders, symbol of the lightning. Alike were the patterns of their moccasins, and their black-painted legs were striped with white zigzag lines. The women all wore

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blue-black gowns that their men had woven for them, and bound crosswise upon their heads were stiff, thin crowns of buffalo rawhide, painted with red and yellow figures of the rains and clouds and tipped with tufts of eagle-down. The men carried rattles of buffalo dew-claws; the women held in each hand a small pine branch. With a woman beside each man, the long procession danced round the kiva, the men shaking their rattles and the women waving their branches in time to the dance tune. Now and then the wind whipped a tuft of down from a woman's crown, and it went floating up into the blue. And 'Ah! Ah! It rises! It carries our prayers up into the blue to the Keepers of Our Lives,' the shamans cried, and the people shouted joyously. The solemn dance and the deep song of the drummers made a great impression upon me. I felt uplifted, near somehow to the powerful Unseen Ones. More than ever I longed to be permitted to enter the kiva and take part in its sacred rites. And then came a thought that stung me: perhaps the Tewa gods would never look with favor upon me, of blood a Navaho.

When the dance ended, in the late afternoon,

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I carried my trouble to Nacitima. He took Lone Rock and me by the hand and led us to the old Summer Cacique and told him of my desires and my fears. Looking kindly down upon us and patting our shoulders, he said: 'Kind Tewas have adopted you and made you their own. You are Tewas. Doubt not that if you always strive to do good, to do right, Those Above will aid you as they would any other Tewas and in the end give you rest in the pleasant Underworld.'

His words made me unbelievably happy. I ran home as fast as I could to tell Kelemanana about it. Tears came into her eyes, she gave me a kiss, and her voice all but broke as she said: 'Of course you and Lone Rock are Tewas; I have made you so. Of course Those Above will aid you in all you do that is right.'

'More than anything else I want to go into the kiva and understand and take part in all that the wise ones do there,' I said as Nacitima came in.

'That you will do in time, when you become a member of the Warrior Society,' said he.

'Good! My father was a powerful warrior; I will be as great a one as he was.'

'But not that kind of warrior, roaming about

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plundering people and killing them. Tewa warriors make war only against those who come to injure us.'

His reply surprised me and defeated my plan to become a leader of raids against the Comanches, the Kiowas, and other tribes of the buffalo plains. 'Then I will be your kind of warrior. When do I begin?' I asked.

'Not for some time, not until you have seen a few more winters,' he answered, and with that I had to be content.

In our pueblo were always coming and going people from Nambe, Tesuque, Pojoaque, and the other Tewa pueblos, and now as summer came on we learned from them that several of their men who had gone out to hunt had never returned, and that two women of Nambe and one of Tesuque had disappeared. It was believed that in revenge for their great loss in the previous summer small war parties of Navahos had killed them and were constantly lying concealed about the pueblos, waiting to kill other unwary ones who might stray their way. So it was that the hunters no longer went up into the mountains, and therefore there was great scarcity of meat

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and, worst of all, scarcity of eagle-down for prayer-sticks. These reports did not help Lone Rock and me. Men and women gave us black looks when we passed them, and one visitor said to Nacitima, 'You should kill, not feed, your two Navaho puppies!'

Kelemanana heard him say that and, running close up to him and shaking a pointing finger, cried: 'Don't you say more against my boys! They are as good Tewas as your children. Attend to your own affairs! Go, leave my house!'

The man thought that she was going to strike him. He raised a protecting arm, and as he went back across the roof and down the ladder he was followed by the jeers of our playmates. My brother and I felt too hurt and uneasy to laugh.

Nacitima said: 'Do not mind his words. Do in all things as your mother and I advise, and some day he will come to praise, not bad-name you.'

Lone Rock and I worked hard that summer; we learned thoroughly the planting, raising, and harvesting of corn and the other food plants that are the very life of the pueblo people. The summer passed, and we brought in plenty of firewood

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for the winter. The winter passed, and we were the first of the pueblo families to go out to the fields and prepare for the spring plantings. Other summers and winters went by, and Lone Rock and I worked and played and grew tall and strong and learned much of Tewa customs and beliefs. Visitors from other pueblos continued to look at us with unfriendly eyes, as did a few in our pueblo, particularly members of the Winter People. We learned from Choromana that Ogota's mother was constantly saying mean things about us, lies that Ogota had undoubtedly told her.

In my seventeenth summer, soon after seed-planting time, two men of the Winter People who had gone up into the mountains to hunt did not return. A large party of men went out to search for them and, guided by a number of circling buzzards, found their bodies, scalped and stripped of clothing and weapons. When they returned and told of their discovery and of signs that indicated that Navahos were the killers, Ogota's mother whispered to her close friends that she was sure Lone Rock and I were in secret communication with prowling members of our kin and were seeking some way to enable them

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to make a surprise attack upon the pueblo and destroy it and its people. All the Summer People and nearly all the Winter People laughed at her fears. Of the few who believed or pretended to believe that she was right and that we should be killed or driven from the pueblo was Tetya (White Bear), the chief of the Pa (Fire) clan and Ogota's uncle. I well knew that he had hated us since the time I had struck Ogota. I realized that he was a powerful enemy, one who would lose no chance to injure us.

In this the seventh summer of our residence in Poquoge the Samayo Ojki — medicine man, or shaman of the hunt — died in his old age, and a council was held in the kiva of the Summer People to appoint his successor. This was a matter in which the clan chiefs had no voice. On a certain evening the Summer Cacique called the council, and it included only the members of the Patuabu, the highest of the Tewa secret orders. They were the two Caciques, the Tsiojke (War Chief), Tsihui (chief shaman), Poanyu, Samayo Ojki, and the eight Delight-Makers.

Lone Rock and I were sitting with Kelemana upon the roof in front of our home when the

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council began going to the kiva, and as one of them ascended the kiva steps I cried out my surprise: 'A woman! What is she doing there?'

'Hush! She is Poanyu. She is very sacred, very close to 'Those Above,' Kelemana replied.

'But a woman! How can a woman be a member of this most powerful secret order?'

'Because she is as close to the Keepers of Our Lives as the chief shaman is, or even the Summer Cacique himself. She is the Keeper of the Sacred Snake.'

'The Sacred Snake? What kind of snake is it? Where does she keep it? Why have I never heard of it until now?'

'Oh, hush! Not so loud!' exclaimed Kelemana, pressing her fingers upon my lips. 'We do not talk about Poanyu nor the one that she cares for, because they are very sacred. Only the members of the Patuabu know where she keeps it and see it.'

'But why is it kept —'

'Not another question from you!' she interrupted. 'I cannot answer! Nor could your father. Not even the clan chiefs know more than we do, — that the snake has been for countless winters in

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the possession of the Patuabu, in the care of one Poanyu after another, and that it has a part of some kind in their very sacred ceremonies.'

'Maybe she has the snake in that sack she carries; it seems to be heavy,' my brother ventured, and, turning upon him, Kelemana gave him a fierce shaking, then a loving pat, and told him to be silent.

The members of the Patuabu were now all gathered upon the roof of the kiva. The Summer Cacique went to the ladder and descended to build the sacred fire. Soon thin wisps of smoke arose from the aperture, and one by one the others went down. To our ears came faintly their opening prayer song to Those Above. As always before, it made me tremble, made me feel both pleasure and pain, made me want more than all else membership in the Patuabu, highest of all Tewa orders and closest to Those Above. I leaned against Kelemana. 'Mother!' I said, — and I had never called her that before, — 'mother, I want to be, I am going to be, one of the Patuabu!'

'My son! My good son!' she cried, drawing me closer to her. 'At last! You call me that! Oh, I am pleased! Oh, with all my strength and

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all my mind I will help you to become one of them. I am your mother! Yes, I am the mother of two good sons!'

Little did we think as we sat on there in the gathering night that even then those down in the kiva were opening the way, though a very long, hard way, for me to become a member of their great order.

Presently came the woman, Poanyu, asking for Nacitima. He was visiting in the house under us, and we saw him leave it with the messenger and go to the kiva. Again we heard, faintly, sacred singing and the beating of a sacred drum, after which there was a long silence. We dared not voice our thoughts and hopes.

The night grew chilly; we went inside, and Kelemana built a fire in the hearth. She got out her little sack of sacred meal, sprinkled some of it to the four world quarters and above and below, and prayed long and silently to Those Above. Well did Lone Rock and I know that she was asking of them the very thing that we ourselves were praying for in our poor, unlearned way. We hoped, we feared; the night wore on, and still we had no thought of sleeping. At last we heard the

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scuff of Nacitima's moccasins upon the roof out front. Slowly as one in a dream he came in and stood before us, big-eyed, solemn-faced, and silent.

'You were selected to take the dead one's place? You are now Samayo Ojki?' Kelemana tremblingly asked.

'Yes. I was so surprised. I did not dare hope that I might be the one to take that good, wise old shaman's place. It is a heavy load that is put upon me.'

'You will carry it. With your help the hunters will always be successful,' Kelemana assured him.

'And you can help me; I want to become a member of the Patuabu,' I said.

'All that I can do for you I shall do — and for your brother also. You well know that,' he answered.

'Ha! When Tetya learns that you are now Samayo Ojki, how angry he will be!' Kelemana exclaimed.

'Yes. But he should not blame me; I did not appoint myself to the place.'

'More than ever he and Ogota and all the members of the Fire clan will hate us,' I said.

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And I was right. Tetya — Ogota's uncle — and Nacitima had been the chief helpers of the old shaman of the hunt. They had made his prayer-sticks, attended to his comfort, and carried out his orders, and Tetya had more than once said that he expected in due time to be given the old man's place. Before noon of the day following Nacitima's appointment women of the Winter People told Kelemana that Tetya was furiously angry and was saying that a man who sheltered and fed Navaho pups was not fit to be Samayo Ojki and a member of the Patuabu. A day or two later Choromana told Kelemana that Ogota had told her that no good could come of her friendship for enemy boys and had urged her to have nothing more to do with us.

Not long after Nacitima became Samayo Ojki, Those Above gave plenty of rain to the planted fields, and as there would be no need to irrigate them for some time to come, a number of men called upon him to lead them on a hunt. I was made very happy when he said that I could go along as his helper. I had a good bow and feathered arrows with barbed steel points and was very eager to shoot them at game larger than the

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rabbits about the pueblo. A party of forty of us started out early one morning, rafted our things across the river, and began the ascent of the mountain-range. It is, as you know, of the shape of one's hand: the palm, the high range running north and south; the fingers, the terribly deep-cut canyons running down from the heights to the Rio Grande. Nacitima had sent a messenger to Tetya to inform him when the hunters were to start and ask him to go along as chief hunter. He had angrily refused to hunt with the new Samayo Ojki then or ever; so Nacitima had appointed Kutowa (Stone Man), Choromana's father, to the honorable position. The two led the party, and I, close at their heels with a pack on my back containing Nacitima's prayer-sticks and other sacred things, was very proud of my place.

We climbed to the point of a wide timbered mesa between two deep walled canyons and went southwest along it. It was pleasant traveling there in the cool shade of the tall, wide-branching pines. We soon came upon plentiful tracks of deer and elk and now and then saw a few of the animals running from us. But still we

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kept on and on to the southwest just as if there were no game about us. I could not understand this and at last asked Nacitima why he did not begin to hunt.

‘For good reason. We have first to go to the stone lions,’ he replied.

My heart leaped. At last I was to see them, the stone lions of whose wonderful power I had heard so much.

CHAPTER IV

A CHALLENGE TO HUNT

WE traveled on and on through the beautiful forest and, after crossing the heads of two of the great walled canyons going down to the Rio Grande, made a very early camp in the head of a third, in which there was a little stream of clear, cold water. I asked Nacitima why we did not go on until night, and how far we then were from the Kaenkukage — the sacred Stone Lions — and he said that we were then very near them, but could not go to them until sunrise of the next morning, for that was the one time of day to ask for their powerful aid in the hunt.

Then we descended to the little stream, leaving two of our number at the top of the canyon wall to watch until dark for any enemy war party that might be roaming in that part of the mountains. So it was that without fear or the least uneasiness we rested beside the cool water and leisurely ate of the tortillas and other food that the women had put into our travel sacks.

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We had not finished eating when we heard a male turkey calling. Another and then another answered, and after a little while a band of twelve appeared on the rim of the mesa across from us and in single file came down the steep slope to drink. Soon two thirsty elk came hurrying down to the stream, a little farther away from us. No one of us moved as we watched them, and I whispered to Nacitima: 'Let me try to kill one of the elk.'

He gave me no answer other than a shake of his head, a finger upon his lips. After we had watched the turkeys and the elk drink and drink and then turn and go back up the slope and out of sight Nacitima explained: 'Even if we were starving we should not have attempted to kill any of them. Not an arrow or a bullet is to be fired at a bird or animal until we have asked the Powerful Ones out there to help us make a successful hunt.'

Night came; our watchers joined us, and we soon slept. Nacitima awoke us just before dawn, and we hurriedly washed, drank, and ate a few mouthfuls of food, and were ready to follow him up out of the canyon head. We went a little way out across the mesa east of it and came to an old

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trail running east and west — a trail that had been used so much in the long-ago that it was worn down to a noticeable depth in the flats of solid rock that it crossed. We went east along it and entered a round, walled enclosure, and my eyes were big, my breath came fast when I saw in the center of it the sacred Kaenkukage, the two Stone Lions.¹ They were huge. Carved on a great slab of rock, they crouched side by side upon their bellies, upraised heads staring into the east, their long slim tails straight out behind them, their legs and feet set for a quick, far spring. Wonderful, perfect was the work of the Hewendi Intowa — the Ancient Men who carved them.

We stood in a half circle around the Sacred Ones. I handed Nacitima his shaman's sack, and he advanced and stood close upon their right and,

¹ The Stone Lions, about thirty miles southwest of San Ildefonso Pueblo, were carved by men of a near-by Queres Pueblo that was in ruins long before Coronado's discovery of the country, in 1540. Ignorant white prospectors in crazy search for gold have dynamited the slab of rock of which the idols are a part and upheaved and tuneled under it. But still pilgrimages are made to the place from all the Indian pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and the idols are annointed with red earth paint and worshiped, just as they have been for untold centuries.

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sprinkling sacred meal to the four world quarters and above and below, made a short prayer to Those Above. He then mixed a quantity of red paint, and as the sun appeared he quickly anointed the heads of the two with it and prayed them to give us all some of their hunting knowledge, keenness of eye, and sureness of approach so that we could make a successful hunt and take home to the waiting women and children plenty of meat and hides for their food and clothing. And finally he laid a prayer-stick in front of the two and asked that they join in his prayer to the Sun Father to make smooth and long the paths of our lives. After that we filed out of the inclosure, each man with short prayer, laying a prayer-stick before the two as he passed them. A great pile of prayer-sticks lay before them, and not Tewa sticks alone. Hunting parties from the pueblos of the Queres, the Zuñis, and the more distant Hopis came there to lay their prayer-sticks before the two, to paint them red, and ask their aid in the hunt.

When we had gone a little way out from the sacred place Nacitima called a halt and said to us: 'The hunt will be from the east slope of Ob-

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sidian Mountain out upon Narrow Neck mesa. You, Kutowa, will take twenty-five men, scatter them out upon the slope and drive the animals down it and out across the mesa, where at the neck we will do our best to kill them. Be sure to give us plenty of time to get there and make our screens.'

Kutowa at once selected his drivers, and though all wanted to be killers instead of drivers, none objected when his name was called. The division was soon made, and the drivers went off to the north. Nacitima led us, the killers, northeast and then east along the cliff edge of a deep canyon to the neck, where the mesa was not more than two bow-shots wide. West of us the mesa broadened out to the full width of the mountain, and to the east it widened for some distance, then narrowed to a point that sloped steeply down into the river valley.

It was near noon when we arrived at the neck and scattered out across it. Nacitima made his stand on the north side of a game trail that ran through the center of the neck and placed me upon the south side of it. We hurriedly made screens of boughs that we broke from young pines,

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got behind them, strung our bows, and, drawing forth some arrows, eagerly watched for game of some kind to appear. Nacitima and several other watchers had guns as well as bow and arrows, but they did not mean to use them, as the loud reports would cause the game to turn about and break through the line of the drivers. The drivers, however, were to use their few guns at every opportunity; the more noise they could make, the more successful would be the drive.

Soon after we had finished making our screens a gun boomed far to the west of us, then another, and still another, and we knew that the drive was on. After a long silence another gun boomed, and then two were fired almost at the same time; the drivers were making some killings as they came on along the mesa. We heard more firing, nearer and nearer, and knew by the sound that the drivers were more than halfway from the mountain to the neck. The timber about us was open; there was no underbrush, so we could see an animal for some time before it could come to our line of killers. The first creatures to appear were two coyotes trotting in the dusty trail upon either side of which Nacitima and I had built our

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screens. They never paused or looked back until they had passed us; then when the west wind gave them our scent they leaped forward, whirled about, sniffed the wind, and, making sure that we were very near them, went on so fast that they seemed to be only disappearing streaks of gray.

Next came two bull elk, walking steadily along a trail to the north of us. As they reached the screens of the watchers there, we heard the twang! twang! of bow-strings, saw the animals leap and then go staggering on and fall one after the other. Then came three buck deer along our trail, and we gave two of them death shots, Nacitima shooting the leader, I the next in line, as he had told me to do. We were hidden so close to the trail — no more than four steps from it — that we could not fail, I thought, to drive our arrows in deep enough to pierce heart or lungs. We saw the two deer fall, the third run on. A mountain lion passed us with great leaps, and soon afterward bands of deer, elk, and turkeys came hurrying along upon all the five trails across the neck, and we shot and shot at them as they passed our hiding places. Then suddenly the rush of the game was over, and the drivers ap-

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peared and joined us as we hurried out from our screens to the kills. I counted my remaining arrows and found that I had fired fourteen. I ran from one kill to another out along the line of the trail that Nacitima and I had watched, and when I found my arrows in but three of the animals — two deer and an elk — I knew that I had been too excited to aim carefully. Nacitima had fired but seven arrows and had made six kills! I told him with great shame of my few kills and my missing arrows and felt better when he replied that for a boy I had done well.

Drivers and trail watchers together, we had killed more than a hundred deer and elk. We all went to work upon the animals, skinning them and quartering the meat, and before we had finished, the women of our party, with some men to guard them, came as they had been told to come with horses upon which to pack home the kills. We had to wait a long time for the drivers to go back for the meat and the hides of their kills, but none minded the delay. The women chatted and laughed and joked and sang, and the men told their experiences of the day, and one and all praised Nacitima. In making him the new

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Samayo Ojki, the Patuabu had done well. The great success of this, his first big hunt, was proof that the Stone Lions had heard his prayers, and that he was favored by Those Above.

Owing to the difficulty that we had in rafting our meat and hides across the river we did not get home until noon the next day. Like the other hunters, we at once gave a part of our meat to those who had remained to guard the pueblo, and Nacitima was particularly careful in selecting the choice parts of an elk and a deer for Tetya. Lone Rock, who was sent to deliver it, came back at once, trembling, with the report that Tetya had roared at him that he would have no meat in his house that was killed by Navahos or by those that sheltered Navahos.

‘Very well,’ said Nacitima. ‘Those Above know that I have always tried to be friendly with Tetya. They will not blame me when I now say that from this day I shall never invite him to join my hunting parties.’

During the hunt Kutowa had been so busy keeping his drivers in line that he had not been able to kill a single head of game. We therefore gave him, as did other killers, some of our meat,

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and I gave Choromana the hide of the elk that I had killed. That made her very happy. It was, she said, the thing that she most needed. I would see how soft and white she tanned it, what fine new leggins she would make with part of it — yes, and something for me with the other part.

Several days later, as she was working on the hide, Ogota came strolling along and asked whose kill it was. She told him, and he became very angry.

‘Throw it away at once!’ he cried. ‘You should know better than to take anything from that Navaho dog. It will only bring trouble of some kind if you keep it. Hand it here and I will burn it.’

‘He is not a dog! He was a Navaho; he is now a Tewa,’ she answered. ‘A good hunter too. Good to me. I shall keep the hide, tan it white and soft, make leggins and one other thing with it.’

‘You shall do no such work,’ said he.

Now I had come out of our house and across the roof in front of it just in time to overhear all this and, in my anger, without considering what it might lead to, I shouted down to Ogota: ‘When

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you go about ordering people to throw away hides you should have with you hides of your killing to give in place of them.'

'Ha! I am a better hunter than you!'

'Prove it. Here is your chance. Kutowa says that on our hunt he saw a big long-claws bear¹ sneak back through his line of drivers. That bear is now, they say, living upon the remains of the animals we killed and can easily be found. Go up there and try to kill him. If you fail, I will try to get him. If I fail, you shall have another chance. By turns we will keep after the bear, and the one of us that kills him is the better hunter.'

'Ha! Fair offer apparently, but behind it some Navaho treachery of course! I refuse to hunt against you!' Ogota replied quickly.

Some one behind him spoke: 'The offer is fair enough. We will see to it that all is straightly done. You must accept it. We must have more of these contests; they are what make powerful warriors of our young men.'

Ogota whirled about and faced the Summer Cacique. Behind the Cacique were a number of people who had stopped to listen to our angry

¹ A grizzly.

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talk. Ogota stared at them and spoke not a word.

‘It is, then, that you are afraid to hunt the long-claws. Ah, ah! Our Tewa youths become less and less brave. I have grave fears for the future of our pueblo!’ the old man exclaimed bitterly.

‘I am not afraid,’ said Ogota at last. ‘It is as I said. I believe this Navaho has some treachery hidden behind his offer.’

‘The hunt shall be as fair for one of you as for the other. We shall attend to that. So you will hunt against him?’

‘Yes.’

‘Good! I shall call upon your father and Nacitima and others to come to my house this evening and decide with me upon the way this bear hunt is to be carried out,’ said the Summer Cacique and went his way. The listeners, too, departed, talking excitedly.

Ogota turned and glared up at me and went out of our plaza.

Throwing her half-tanned elk hide over her shoulder, Choromana hurried up the ladder and stood beside me. ‘You got too angry at him; you

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should never have made this dangerous offer. The long-claws are terrible fighters. Our bravest warriors avoid them. Never in my lifetime has the skin of one been brought into this pueblo.'

I knew far better than she how very terrible a wounded long-claws is. Many a Navaho hunter had been killed by them in the San Juan forests and in the mountains of the Apaches. Already I felt half sick and hated myself for not having kept control of my tongue. But I would never, never let her know that I had fear of any long-claws.

'Do not worry about me. I shall kill the bear and never get so much as a scratch of its claws!' I boasted, and saw by the change in her face that I had lifted her fears.

It came to me then that I had never appreciated how good she had always been to me. I suddenly realized that I had great love for her, that I cared for her more than for all else on earth. And now, through the fault of my own hasty tongue, it was likely that I was soon to die and so lose the long years of happiness that I might have had with her. But perhaps she did not care enough for me for that. I had to know: 'Choro-

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mana, later on when we are a little older, may I be your man?' I asked.

She pressed my hand and her eyes shone, oh, so beautifully as she answered: 'You, and no other! Oh, I have long, long wanted to hear you ask that!'

Just then Kelemana came running up the ladder followed by Nacitima and my brother. Coming in from the fields, they had heard of my challenge to Ogota, and even before she came upon the roof Kelemana began to scold me and cry out that she would not allow me to hunt the long-claws. She turned to Nacitima and cried that as he loved her he too must forbid this, the crazy challenge of a boy.

He drew her gently to his side and replied: 'The challenge has been offered and accepted. The Summer Cacique has approved it. There is but one thing for me to do: help our boy in every way that I honestly can.'

'Oh! Oh! Too late! Too late! Why was I not here to put a hand upon his lips!' she cried and went inside. Choromana followed to comfort her as best she could.

I told Nacitima that the Summer Cacique

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would soon be calling him and Ogota's father and others to make the rules for the hunt.

'No doubt Tetya will demand that the hunt be made with guns,' he said.

'Good. Better the gun than the bow. I can use yours,' said I.

'Not so!' he exclaimed. 'Four or five arrows can be fired in the time required to reload a gun. A ball goes into a body; the hole it makes closes, so that the animal retains its blood and dies slowly. The arrow cuts a wide gash that cannot close; the blood rushes out through it, and the animal weakens at once and soon falls. No, no guns. I shall demand that you use bow and arrows, or that the hunt be called off.'

'As you say; you know best,' I agreed.

Sad-faced and silent, Kelemana prepared and gave us our evening meal and then, taking up a prayer-stick, went out to place it at one of the shrines beyond the pueblo walls. Nacitima had my brother start a fire in the hearth, and when it was burning well he sat before it, sprinkled sacred meal, and, smoking a ceremonial cigarette to Those Above, prayed to them a long time silently.

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He finished just as a messenger came to him from the Summer Cacique. As Nacitima went out he said: 'Either this council agrees to my terms or there shall be no bear hunt.'

On Keleman's return from the shrine, Choromana and her mother came and sat with us. We were all so uneasy that we talked a little of things of no importance and fell silent, anxiously awaiting Nacitima's return. It was late when he came. Kutowa was with him. Both smiled grimly as they sat down with us.

'We had a hard words-fight with the men of the Fire clan, but we won,' said Nacitima. 'The council began smoothly enough, and it was soon agreed that Ogota should go first to try to kill the long-claws. If he fails to kill it, you, my son, are to go and hunt it. If he does kill it, then you are to hunt and kill some other long-claws, and if you fail, he is to be declared the better hunter. If you both kill, you will be equally good hunters. When that was decided upon, Ogota's father said that no more than two advisers should go with each contestant, and that he and Tetya would accompany Ogota. "No!" I almost shouted. "The advisers must be men of outside clans who are

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neither for nor against the hunters and will be sure to bring us straight reports of all that is done upon the hunts."

'Well, we had long argument about that and finally left the decision to the Summer Cacique, the Winter Cacique, the war chief, and the chief shaman. They soon agreed that a relative in Ogota's Fire clan and a man of our clan should be his advisers, and that another member of the Fire clan and another member of our clan should be your advisers. At that black were the looks of Ogota's father and uncle. Then I said that in place of a man of our clan I would send Kutowa with you. None made objection. Ogota's father then said that the hunt should be with guns, and I stood out for bows and arrows and got the decision, the four chiefs believing that Those Above would not favor the use of Spanish weapons in a contest of this kind. There, that is all. To-morrow Ogota and his advisers go in quest of that long-claws.'

'Not all. Who of our clan goes with Ogota?' Kelemana asked.

'Potosha — White Antelope. We spoke to him upon our way here.'

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‘A man of straight tongue, straight life. Good!’ she said.

On the following day when Ogota left for the mountains with his two advisers, Honani — Badger — of his own clan and Potosha of ours, I became most uneasy. So anxious was I to know what Ogota was doing and whether he would actually kill the big long-claws that I could hardly eat, sleep, or take interest in anything that we did.

CHAPTER V

THE HUNTERS' CHARM

THE days passed. Everywhere in the pueblo people talked about Ogota and wondered how he was succeeding in his quest. Most of them said that he was a very brave youth to go in search of the long-claws, and that they hoped he would kill it. When after the eighth day he did not return, his father and all the members of the Fire clan began to worry about him, fearing that he and his advisers had been killed by a war party of Navahos or possibly by the powerful long-claws. They were preparing to go up into the mountains to look for the three when after dark of the twelfth day the party returned. But Ogota did not come into the pueblo singing; he and his clan adviser went very quietly to their people, and Potosha of our clan came straight to us and rested, smiling, before the little fire in our hearth.

‘Ogota did not kill! I can tell it by your face!’ Nacitima exclaimed.

‘No. From the time we left here he was afraid-

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hearted. He had a good chance to kill the big long-claws, a very good chance, and he ran! This was the way of it —'

'Wait! I will send younger son for Kutowa. I want him also to hear you,' Nacitima interrupted.

Kutowa soon came hurrying in, and when he was seated Potosha began again: 'From the time we left here Ogota was afraid-hearted; he talked and talked about the fierceness of the long-claws, of this and that attack they had made upon men and women and children of this and the other pueblos of our people; of the terrible risk he would run in trying to kill with bow and arrows the big long-claw that we sought. At last I got tired of his afraid-talk and said to him: "You should have thought of this and kept your mouth shut instead of boasting of your greatness as a hunter. Cease now your talk about the long-claws and let us see how well you can hunt them." He made no reply to that, but glared at me, he and his adviser from the Fire clan.

'We arrived at the place of our big drive of game and examined the remains of our kills all the way from the neck out to the mountain. Bears and coyotes and wolves were still feasting

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upon them, carrying the bones here and there and stripping off the little meat, now dry, that we had left upon them. For some days we watched the remains of one and another of the elk and deer and saw several black bears, coyotes, and wolves go to them, but not the long-claws that we sought, although he also fed upon them. Daily we found his tracks of the night before and splinters of big, hard leg bones that he had cracked with ease. At a spring in the head of the canyon we found his footprints in the mud, and I measured them. Four hands long from point of heel to end of claws! Ogota's eyes were big as he looked at them.

'Near sundown of the fifth day we discovered a small long-claws feasting upon the remains of a deer, and Ogota's Fire clan adviser urged him to try to kill it. I said that if he did, it would not count, as the hunt was for the big long-claws only. Ogota eagerly agreed with me.

'We were camping beside a spring on the mountain side. There we slept at night and rested during the middle of the day, going down to watch for the long-claws mornings and evenings. More days passed, and still we did not get sight

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of the big one. Yesterday morning when we were upon our way to watch some meated bones that the big one had recently been stripping and crunching, I shot a deer at the foot of the mountains. Then when the others proposed that we give up the hunt for the day and take the deer meat to camp and feast, I told them that the animal was mine, and that I had other use for it. Against their will I made them help me drag large pieces of the meat down one side of the mesa to the neck and up its other side to the foot of the mountain and to the carcass. "There! We have done good work," I said. "Old long-claws will find our meat trail and follow it and be feasting here upon this carcass before morning. There remains but one thing to do. Ogota, build a screen for yourself. We will set it here." I pointed to a spot about four steps east of the carcass.

"Oh, no! No! That is too close, much too close," cried Ogota. "I must have it out there." He ran to the east of the deer a distance of about fifty steps.

"That is much too far for sure aim, and deep penetration of the arrow, but you are the hunter; we must place your screen where you want it," I

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replied, and there we built it at that long distance from the deer. Then with a little of the meat we went back up to camp.

'I did not expect long-claws to find the carcass until some time in the night, but on the chance that we might see him in some open place on the mesa, I proposed near evening that we go down to a little cliff on the mountain-side about two arrow flights above my kill and watch for him. Sun was near setting when we arrived at the cliff and sat down upon it. We could plainly see the deer, which lay in the center of a bare, rocky opening in the timber and distinguish a few magpies feeding upon and fluttering about it. There were no other creatures in sight. Sun sank lower and lower and went down behind the mountain. When dusk came and we were about to return to camp, out from the timber came old long-claws, following our meat trail. It stopped and stood up close to the carcass, looked all around, sniffing the air, and then with sudden spring and loud roaring fell upon it and began to eat. It was very large — as long as a horse. Its roars were like thunder. "There he is, Ogota, the one you want," I said. "It is too dark to go down there now, but

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you can kill him in the morning when he comes again, as he surely will, to feast."

"He did not answer, and his adviser of the Fire clan likewise remained silent. I crept back from the cliff and started for camp, and they followed, but after a time stopped, and I went on alone. When they came into camp, the man of the Fire clan said to me, "Kutowa, that is a very big long-claws, so very big and dangerous that it is only right that we accompany Ogota when he goes to the screen to-morrow morning to watch and wait for his coming."

"You know the rules that our chiefs made for this hunt as well as I do," I replied. "Ogota goes alone to the screen. You and I go no farther with him than the cliff that we have just left. From the top of it we can see all that takes place."

"Well," said Ogota, "seeing that the long-claws is so very big and powerful, it is right that I should have my clan adviser's gun as well as my bow and arrows when I go to the screen."

"Our Summer Cacique himself told me the rules for this hunt," I replied. "He said that guns were not to be used, as it was believed Those Above would be against it. You go to your screen

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with only your bow and arrows or go not at all."

"Ha! I see how it is!" cried the other. "You are against us; you want that Navaho to win this contest."

"You are mistaken. I am for but one thing: to see that Ogota hunts according to the rules of this contest and in no other way," I replied, and they said no more.

'This morning some little time before day-break I awoke the two, and we started down the mountain and arrived at the little cliff. The first white light of morning was then brightening in the east, and I told Ogota that he should hurry on down to his screen. With one excuse and another he lingered with us until the sun was rising and we could plainly see that the big long-claws was not at my kill. Then he left the cliff and went slowly down and got behind the screen.

'Magpies, ravens, and crows were already feeding upon the carcass, and above it buzzards were circling. Two coyotes came out from the timber and began tearing meat from it, the birds fluttering above and scolding them. Suddenly the coyotes raised their noses to the west, sniffed the

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air, and ran east close past Ogota in his screen. "Long-claws is coming," I said to Honani.

'I had no more than spoken when the big one appeared in the west side of the opening and walked slowly to the carcass and round and round it, sniffing its several parts, stopping now and then to tear off a small portion of the meat; it had stuffed itself in the evening and was not yet hungry. We watched the big one, watched the screen and wondered what Ogota was doing — why he did not shoot when he had so many good chances, for long-claws in its round often stopped broad-side to him. And then we saw him upon hands and knees creeping swiftly from the screen east to the timber and into it!

"So ends this hunt," I said.

'Honani did not at once reply, but finally said: "It is very big, this long-claws, very powerful. Had you been in Ogota's place, I don't believe that you would have shot at it."

'I did not answer, but began wondering what I should have done had I been down there in the screen. We spoke no more, but watched long-claws eat a little more of the meat and then go west into the timber. Then Ogota came to us

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and, without speaking or even looking at us, sat down.

““Why didn't you shoot at the big one?” Honani asked him. He did not reply.

““You have had your chance; your hunt is ended,” I said, and he nodded. “But if something went wrong with you down there in your screen,” I went on, “it is but right that you have another chance at the big one.” He shook his head.

““Then we will go home,” I said, and started down the mountain. They followed. Along the neck mesa Honani and I tried to kill some of the deer and the many turkeys that we saw. Always they escaped us. That is why we came in so late. And that is all.’

None spoke for some time. Then Nacitima said to me, ‘My son, four mornings from now you will go after that long-claws and kill it!’

I happened to be looking at Potosha. I saw him shake his head and move his lips in silent speech. He did not approve. He himself would not go after the long-claws. What chance had I — I of far less strength and experience with bow and arrows? I hated myself for having dared

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Ogota to hunt the big one. I so dreaded starting out to hunt it that I slept very little that night.

In the morning Kutowa came in when we were eating and said to Nacitima, addressing him by his official name: 'Samayo Ojki, I have just learned something that makes me very uneasy. Ogota's uncle, Tetya, has been selected by the Fire clan to be my fellow adviser on this difficult hunt.'

'Ha! That tricky man! You will have to watch him, my friend. He will do all that he can to bring shame upon my son.'

My heart went heavy. Well I knew that Tetya had always hated me.

'We will pretend that we believe him our friend and, as you say, watch him closely,' said Kutowa.

Nicitima looked at me long and thoughtfully and at last said: 'My son, you do not want to hunt this long-claws.'

'I do not. I am afraid of him. But however much afraid I am, I know that I must try to kill him,' I replied.

'Good! That is right talk. We are going to help you in every way that we can. You are to use my bow and arrows. We will go out now, and

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you will practice shooting with them all the morning, and every other morning until you leave; and in the evenings you will sit with our Summer Cacique, who will tell you the history of the Tewa people, teach you how to worship the Holders of Our Lives, so that you will yourself be aided by the Powerful Ones in this hunt and in all that you do thereafter.'

We went out near the river — Nacitima, my brother, and I — and set up for a target a tightly bound bundle of grass in which the arrow points could not be dulled or injured. Nacitima's bow was far more powerful than mine, so stiff that I could barely bend it, and I did very poor work with it that morning. The next morning I did better, and on the third morning I shot the arrows so straight and deep into the target that Nacitima was satisfied. 'You are fully as good a shot as I am,' he said.

And now I was learning that which I had so long yearned to know, the wonderful religion of the Tewas. It was, I knew, the first step toward admittance into the sacred kiva and participation in its ceremonies. My brother accompanied me when I went to sit with the old Summer

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Cacique. On our first evening with him he questioned us and found that we knew almost nothing about the Underworld and Those Above, and so told us all about the beginnings of things upon this earth. This we learned during our evenings with him:

Beneath us is the pleasant, beautiful Underworld, in which the people have always lived. In the long-ago some of them were wandering about in it, and, finding a passage that led upward, they followed it and came up on to this world at Sipapu, a place not far north of here. It was very cold and dark where they came out, but while they stood there, frightened and bewildered, the sun appeared, and he who lives in it, our Sun Father, took charge of them. He divided them into two bands, the Summer People and the Winter People, and appointed two men, a Summer Cacique and a Winter Cacique, to be their leaders. He sent the Winter People east to the cold buffalo plains, and told the Summer People to go south to the warm valley of the Rio Grande, saying that the Winter People should eventually join them there, which they did. And to keep the two bands cheerful upon their long trails he had

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two men come up from the Underworld to be their Delight-Makers. They were painted black and white and wore upon their heads corn leaves instead of eagle feathers. They danced and sang and played all kinds of funny tricks as they went along, and kept the people happy. They added a few more men to their sacred order; so have there been ever since Delight-Makers as well as Summer People and Winter People and Summer Caciques and Winter Caciques. These latter two are not of equal importance; it is the Summer Cacique who has the deciding word in all great matters pertaining to the pueblo. The Sun Father's wife, Moon Mother, also aided those first Tewas and with him taught them all the knowledge that has been handed down from generation to generation to this day.

Along with all that information the old Cacique taught us how to pray and what kinds of prayer-sticks to use for certain prayers, saying that the sticks would be more effective in wafting our prayers to the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives if we ourselves should trap eagles and furnish the down that we tied to them. We were at once eager to do that.

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On our last evening with him the old Cacique made us very happy by saying that we were just as much Tewas as any in the pueblo, and that without doubt our spirits would in the proper time journey down through Sipapu¹ to never-ending happiness in the pleasant Underworld. I told him that my great desire was to become a member of the Patuabu, and, smiling, he replied: 'A good hunter is admitted to the Society of Warriors. A great warrior is appointed War Chief and becomes a member of the Patuabu.'

'I understand. Show me the trail. I shall follow it with all my strength and understanding,' I said.

'Good. I shall pray the Above Ones to aid you along that far, hard trail,' he replied.

As we returned home from that last sitting with the old Cacique we found Choromana at the head of the ladder, waiting for a last talk with me. 'You leave in the morning,' she said. 'Oh, be careful! Do in all things as my father advises you. Don't listen to your other adviser, that

¹ The Sipapu of the Tewas, and Queres as well, is a brackish lake in the sand dunes north of Alamosa and east of Mosca, the latter a railway station between Alamosa and Mears Junction, Colorado.

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bad Tetya. He will do all that he can against you.'

'Tetya shall not harm me; I know him,' I said.

'Just now at sunset Ogota came out into the north plaza for the first time since he returned, and what do you think he said?' she went on. 'He said that he did not kill the long-claws because he wanted to prove that you were a coward, that when you see how big he is you will be so frightened that you will run away. Then with his two advisers he will go back and kill him.'

'He had to make up some lie before showing himself. He was a long time doing it.'

'Many of those who heard him did not think it a lie.'

'The members of the Patuabu know the true story of his hunt, and that is all I care about. What some others believe does not matter.'

'Wampin!': Oh, my man-to-be! I can't bear to have you go after that terrible long-claws! You will be careful? You promise?'

'Yes.'

• Here for the first time in his narrative, the old man spoke his name, Wampin — at-the-Foot (Mountain foot — the name of the place where he was captured). Like most other Indians, the Tewas rarely speak their own names.

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Holding me close, she prayed Those Above to protect me. I had strong faith that they would heed the prayers of one so good, so truly good.

Kelemanana called us to eat and we went in.

Nacitima and Kutowa were sitting in the dusk of the west room, talking low and earnestly. I knew that they were making final plans for my hunt. Kelemanana called to them that the food was cooked, and they came out. Kutowa looked sharply at me sitting close beside Choromana, then called her to a far corner of the room and whispered to her. My heart went low; I feared that he was scolding her for being so friendly with me.

Then I heard Choromana close behind me, saying: 'Hunter of the long-claws, close your eyes! Close them at once.'

I obeyed: I felt her put something over my head and round my neck, something that rested cold on my breast. 'Now! Look!' she cried.

Ha! It was a turquoise necklace that she had put upon me. And its pendant — I lifted it, held it out, could hardly believe my eyes when I saw that it was a mountain lion, the sacred animal of the hunt, of alabaster perfectly carved

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and carrying upon its back an ancient arrow point of flint. I sprang up and faced her. 'You give me this! it is mine, this powerful hunters' helper, carrier of their prayers to Those Above?'

She nodded her head; her lips trembled; she seemed unable to speak. Kutowa answered for her. 'Yes, she gives it to you; it is hers to give. Her great-uncle of the Kang clan, who, in his time, was our Samayo Ojki, gave it to her in his old age; with it he gave her certain instructions. It is for her, not me, to tell you what those instructions were.'

At that he and Nacitima and Kelemana smilingly exchanged knowing looks.

Choromana cried: 'Oh, father! Not now! I will tell him later.'

'Well, have your way about it,' he replied.

I was so happy, so proud of the valuable gift, that I could hardly eat the food that Kelemana set before me. When the meal was ended Nacitima and Kutowa went down to the kiva; Kelemana and my brother went for water, and Choromana and I remained before the little fire. 'Now tell me,' I said.

'He dearly loved me, that great-uncle of mine,'

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she replied, 'and when he gave me this that I have given to you he said: "I give this if, when you grow up, you will do as I now tell you."

"Yes," I agreed.

"Repeat this after me," he went on. "O Above Ones, Holders of the Paths of Our Lives! I promise my old uncle, who dearly loves me, that I will not marry a worthless youth. I promise that I will seek for my life mate one who is brave, kind, generous, and a good worker in the fields, and that, having found him and having made sure that he loves me, I will give him this sacred carved lion for his helper, and myself do all that I can to aid him to become a leading man of this pueblo."

There! That is what Choromana told me, looking me straight in the eyes, as we sat there alone in the room before the little fire. I cannot begin to tell you how deeply it affected me; for a time I could not speak. Then I managed to say, 'And of all the youths in this pueblo you have selected me, of different blood, of enemy blood, to wear this powerful carving!'

'It doesn't matter what you were; you are a Tewa!' she exclaimed.

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'Yes. Yes, I am a Tewa!'

She turned and looked at the fire, nervously fingering her gown; looked at me, at the fire, at me, at the fire. There was something more she had to tell me. 'What is it? Something bad?' I asked.

'I did not finish telling you what my great-uncle had me vow to Those Above. It was this: "And I promise that I will not marry the one of my choice until he in some capacity becomes a member of the Patuabu!"'

'We know our hearts; we can wait for that. Just think; we are only seventeen summers!' I reminded her.

'Yes. And anyhow I can help Kelemana care for you. And to-morrow — to-morrow you go to seek that terrible long-claws! Oh, my man-to-be —'

'Think what it will mean to us if I find and kill him. It will be a first move upon my trail to the Patuabu. Choromana! I believe the Above Ones themselves caused me to challenge Ogota to this contest!'

Wide-eyed, startled by my sudden thought, we stared long at each other. 'Oh, Oh! If that be

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so —' she softly exclaimed, clapping her hands together.

We heard Kelemanana and my brother returning and said no more.

CHAPTER VI

THE END OF THE HUNT

WE were up very early the next morning, prepared to start for the hunt, and at sunrise Kutowa and Choromana came up and ate with us. We had no more than finished when Tetya walked, scowling, to the doorway.

From the time we left the pueblo Kutowa led, I followed him, and Tetya kept close behind me. I could almost feel the fire of his hate burning my back. He never once spoke until noon when we arrived at the neck. We found there a few bones of the animals killed in our big drive, and he proposed that we stop there on the chance that the big long-claws would come to them. Kutowa said that that would be a waste of time; the long-claws had last been feasting upon the deer that Potosha had killed, so we would go on and see if any of it remained. We saw three or four deer and elk and several flocks of turkeys between the neck and the foot of the mountain, where after some search we found where the deer had lain. Long-claws and other meat eaters had

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devoured it; there remained of the carcass only a few shreds of dry skin and slivers of bones. Kutowa then said that there was but one thing for us to do: kill another deer or an elk for long-claws to feast upon and for me to watch. Tetya readily agreed to that.

We hunted for two days upon the mesa before getting an animal, — a big bull elk that Kutowa shot with his gun, — and during that time, except when we slept, Tetya constantly talked about the terrible strength and ferocity of the long-claws and told and retold stories of the Tewas that they had killed and fearfully mangled. He was doing all that he could to put fear of them into me. I was afraid — so afraid that when in my mind I saw myself facing the big one I felt sick. Kutowa shot the elk at the south end of Obsidian Mountain, and it ran a long way before it fell in the wide, bowl-shaped head of the south canyon of the neck mesa. It lay in the center of a grassy flat and all of a hundred steps from the nearest timber, a narrow row of low pines to the south that bordered the very small stream flowing down from the spring at the foot of the mountain.

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As we disemboweled the animal Tetya said that he pitied me, for the timber was so far away that if I should only wound long-claws, it would overtake me and tear me to pieces before I could reach and climb a tree. Neither Kutowa nor I made reply to that. We cut off some large pieces of meat to drag round down the mesa and back to the carcass, and then Kutowa said that we would build the screen that I was to occupy. Tetya objected to that; it might be a waste of time and strength; we should build it only if we found that long-claws was really coming to the carcass and feeding upon it. Kutowa replied that we would build it right then. He and I did so. As the prevailing wind was from the west, we built the screen to the east of the carcass and about fifteen steps from it. Nor would Tetya help us make the meat trail; one could do that, as well as two or three. He said he would take the meat we had saved to our camping place and have some of it cooked by the time we returned.

We parted, Kutowa and I going east with our drags, and Tetya north. As soon as we got into the timber and out of his sight Kutowa stopped and said to me: 'That man will do all that he can

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against you. He wanted the blind to be built later on, so that long-claws, coming to feed again, would see it newly there, be suspicious and very likely tear right into it and kill you before you could fire an arrow. Quick now! let us sneak back to the edge of the timber and see what we can see.'

We went back and stopped in the shelter of some thick brush. Tetya was nowhere in sight, but soon he appeared, without his load of meat, running down into the head of the canyon. Straight to the kill he went and then a short distance up wind of it, where he knelt in the high grass for some little time, bending over and moving his arms as if he were digging. At last he got up, straightened the grass that he had knelt in and went back north. As soon as we were sure that he was well on his way to camp we went on with our drags of meat, Kutowa saying that it was well for us that we had turned back to watch him.

'What did he there?' I asked.

'I believe that I know, but am not sure. We will find out when we return with our drags,' Kutowa replied and would say no more.

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We dragged our pieces of meat along the rim of the mesa to the neck and across it to the canyon cliffs on the north side, and turned west and then south back to the carcass. At the place where Tetya had knelt, under a covering of old grass and twigs that had the appearance of a mouse nest, we found — a pair of old moccasins!

‘As I thought! Lasting odor of man on the up-wind side!’ Kutowa exclaimed.

I looked at him and at the moccasins. He saw that I did not understand.

‘It is this,’ he went on. ‘Long-claws generally seek no quarrel with men and try to avoid them. It is only when they are wounded or surprised that they become angry. The odor of the footprints that we leave here will be soon gone, but the man odor of these moccasins will last for many days. It was in hope that long-claws, coming here to feed upon this carcass, would get this odor and turn back and never return that Tetya hid his old moccasins here.’

‘Give them to me! Let me hand them to him and say to him what is in my mind!’ I pleaded. I was intensely angry.

‘No. We will not let him know that we have

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found them. I will keep them here under my shirt, and when we get home hand them to him in the presence of some of our people.' Later when we neared camp he cautioned me not to show in any way that we had discovered Tetya's mean work.'

Tetya had a quantity of the meat cooked, corn cakes spread out, and ollas of water at hand awaiting our return. While we ate he talked happily, steadily, of this and that. It was all I could do to keep from telling him that we knew the reason for his sudden cheerfulness.

Early the next morning we went to our kill — close enough to it to see that it was undisturbed. We went again to it at low sun and found only the different kinds of meat birds about it. And then Tetya was more than ever cheerful.

The sun was well up into the blue when, on the following morning, we arrived at the canyon head and, looking down, saw that our kill had been partly eaten. Tetya angrily stared at it, wondering of course why the scent of his hidden moccasins had failed to frighten the eater away. Kutowa looked at me and laughed. But I did not feel like laughing. Now that my time was come

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to go down into that screen and wait and watch for long-claws to return, I was all cold from fear.

‘Well, we shall go down and learn what has been there,’ said Tetya.

‘We shall not! We shall make no more man tracks down there than is necessary,’ Kutowa exclaimed. ‘Our young hunter shall go down and hide in his screen, and you and I will remain right here!’

Tetya said no more. I drew out my bow and strung it and, with four arrows in hand, started down the slope. Kutowa called after me, ‘May the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives protect you! My son, be brave!’

I wished that the way down to the screen were longer, a whole day’s journey longer! The nearer I got to the screen the more slowly I went. All too soon I was inside it and staring out at the remains of the elk. Nearly all of the hind quarters of the creature had been eaten. Only a long-claws of immense size could have done that in one night.

My screen, which was all of two steps across, was well built of pine boughs thickly interlaced

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to the height of my waist and then very thinly placed, so that I could easily shoot an arrow through the open spaces. It was well known that the sight of the long-claws and all other kinds of bears is very poor. Kutowa had assured me that if I got up slowly when preparing to shoot and slowly raised bow and arrow, I should not be noticed, even though the upper part of the screen was far more open-spaced.

That was a long, long day. I sat, I stood, I lay down, got up; and at last, when the sun was nearly setting, I stood up and studied the whole of the head of the canyon. The wind had been from the west all day, and now it changed and blew softly, warmly from the south, and I wondered if that meant good or bad for me. At last the sun went down behind Obsidian Mountain. It would soon be too dark to see to shoot, and I would go and have at least one more day of life.

I stood facing the kill. Suddenly the south wind brought to me a strong, unpleasant odor, and at the same time I heard a rustling of the grass. I turned my head, looked to my left, and there was the long-claws! Its immense, heaving

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body passed close to the edge of the screen! I held my breath, remained motionless, saw it go on halfway from the screen to the kill and, pausing, sniff the air and stand up. Its great back was to me. Scarcely realizing what I was doing, I aimed at what I thought was the sure place to strike its heart and with all my strength let fly the arrow. Even as the bow-string twanged the great long-claws went down roaring madly and with powerful forearms turned toward me, dragging his after parts snakily over the grass. I had shot too many rabbits in just that way, not to know what I had done. I had severed its spinal cord. The creature was powerless to hurt me!

‘Kutowa! Kutowa! Come!’ I yelled again and again as I broke out through the screen and ran to get side shots at the great animal. It did its best to keep turning to face me, but I was the quicker. One after another, I shot three arrows into it, just behind its short ribs and low down, and the third one finished it. As its arms gave way and its huge head sank upon the grass, Kutowa came running, shouting, ‘You have done it! You have killed the big one!’ And as he embraced me and put cheek to my cheek Tetya

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came and stared down at the great long-claws and said not a word.

‘Kutowa turned upon him: ‘You see, Tetya, that our young hunter has done it without the least help from us. He has himself alone killed this huge long-claws. There it lies. You cannot deny it!’

‘Yes. But it was not fair!’ Tetya cried. ‘Ogota had no helper. This Navaho had that sacred carving. It is that and that alone which enabled him to kill.’

‘Of course it helped him, and you know well that he has a perfect right to own it!’

‘Anyhow, as Ogota had no such powerful helper, this has not been a fair contest,’ the other replied.

‘Of course you did not try to prevent the success of this hunt?’

‘No, I did not.’

‘I return to you that which is yours,’ said Kutowa and, drawing from under his shirt the old pair of moccasins, handed them to him.

Like one dazed Tetya accepted them and stood there head down, speechless.

‘It is late. We must at least take out long-



ONE AFTER ANOTHER, I SHOT THREE ARROWS INTO IT

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claws' insides before dark. Then the hide will not spoil, and we will take it off in the morning,' Kutowa said to me.

We went to work at it, Tetya standing by, solemn-faced, silent. Then after a time he said that, since the hunt was now ended, he would go home.

'Yes, go. Give our people the good news that the trail of the big long-claws is ended,' Kutowa replied, and he went swiftly eastward up out of the canyon and out of our sight.

We had not been working long when Tetya came running back to us, out of breath, and said that out on the neck mesa he had almost overtaken a war party of Navahos, more than a hundred of them, that were traveling east straight toward our pueblo, Poquoge. This was bad news. The killing of long-claws was nothing to me now.

'Kutowa! We must go at once to warn Poquoge of the danger that nears it!' I cried.

'And leave this proof of your kill to rot and disappear? No! We will finish the skinning, hang up the hide, and then go. The night is long; we can easily do this and get home before day breaks,' he answered.

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We soon got the hide off, dragged it to the timber, and threw it across a pole that we put up between two trees. Then as we went up on to the mesa south of the neck mesa the moon came up and gave us light enough to see our way through the timber. We walked fast and in all the more open reaches of the mesa ran. At the river we were some little time in finding any drift logs, but finally got two lashed together and, putting our clothing and weapons upon them and swimming and pushing them, landed on the other shore at no great distance downstream.

Day was just whitening when we arrived at Poquoge and aroused the young men who were sleepily guarding the entry way. Kutowa and I ran on into the south plaza to the home of the war chief and told him of the approaching war party. As he ran out and began shouting to the warriors to assemble at the kiva, I climbed our ladder and met my people upon the roof.

‘My son! What did you?’ Nacitima greeted me.

I held out my hands, wide stretched, and answered: ‘See: the blood and fat of the big long-claws!’

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They ran to me and embraced me, Kelemana crying and singing too. Choromana came hurrying up; her father had told her of my success. She too embraced and kissed me, crying and laughing, and then ran to the edge of the roof and shouted to the people swarming into the plaza: 'He, my man-to-be, is brave! He has killed the big long-claws! I am glad, proud to stand here and tell you that he is to be my man, that I am to be his woman!'

Again and again she repeated it, and the people, pausing in their hurry and worry about the approaching enemy, looked up at her and listened and smiled. Some answered, 'Good! Good!' and others raised their hands to the blue and cried, 'May the Holders of the Paths of our Lives give lasting happiness to you both!'

'The war chief has called us; I must go,' said Nacitima.

'I go with you,' I responded.

'No! You are to rest now. Later maybe —' He hurried down the ladder.

The others urged me into our home and made me sit and wash, and eat the food that they set before me, and tell them again and again just how

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the big long-claws had come swaying past my screen, and had stood up and fallen, roaring and writhing, when I shot him.

‘And that Tetya, what of him?’ my brother asked.

‘He was near by with Kutowa. He saw it all.’ I answered that and no more, for Kutowa and I had taken pity on Tetya and agreed that for the time at least we would make no mention of the hidden moccasins.

I was very tired. Even as I talked my eyes began to close, and against my will Kelemana and Choromana made me lie down. They covered me, and I slept and did not awake until near sunset, when they called me to share in the evening meal that they were preparing. Then my brother came to tell me of the day. The Navaho war party had not been seen. All of the horses of the pueblo were being herded close by, and all of the warriors were on watch, hidden in the cornfields.

Later on after dark the horses were brought into the north plaza for the night, and half of the warriors came in and ate and went out, and the other half came and went out again. The night passed quietly. Then early in the morning the

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war chief sent out parties to scout for signs of the enemy, and it was found that during the night they had crossed the river at the lower end of the valley and gone east, doubtless to raid a Spanish settlement or some tribe out on the buffalo plains.

Two days later, therefore, when we were sure that the danger to Poquoge was past, Nacitima, Kelemana, my brother, and I took horses and went after the hide of my long-claws, which we found just as we had left it and still soft because of its heavy coating of fat. As we rode into the pueblo on our return all the people gathered round in the south plaza to see us spread out the hide; and when at last Kelemana and Choromana pegged it out smoothly upon the ground I was myself amazed at its great size, and our Summer Cacique, standing beside me, said that he had never seen a long-claws' hide anywhere near so long and wide nor claws so long and heavy. 'Cut them off now, make a necklace of them, never part with them,' he said. 'They are proof of bravery far greater than that required to face and kill a Comanche or other enemy.'

With a prayer of thanks to Those Above I cut off the claws and took them home.

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Later in the evening Nacitima told me that in Ogapihoge — the place that you call Santa Fé — I could trade the big hide for a gun. A few days later, when the hide was well dried, we took it there. I had never before been in a pueblo of white men, and the large size of the houses and the great numbers of people astonished me. When we unpacked the hide in the plaza and spread it out a crowd soon surrounded us, eager to buy it. I sold it to a white trader for a good rifle, a keg of powder, a sack of balls, and four boxes of caps, and two beautiful shawls, which I gave to Kelemanana and Choromana.

A few days after I bought the rifle I was called to the kiva of the Summer People and found assembled there all the members of the Patuabu and many of the members of the Society of Warriors. The war chief addressed me: 'You have, in killing the big long-claws, proved that you are of brave heart. Therefore we invite you to become a member of this, our Society of Warriors. We ask of you two things: that you obey without questioning the orders of your war chief, and that you defend against all enemies, at no matter what risk to yourself, the people of

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this pueblo and all the other Tewa pueblos. Do you promise to do so?’

‘In the sight of Those Above I vow that I will do so,’ I replied.

At that the chief shaman of the pueblo had me kneel before him, and while he painted my face and hands with the sacred red paint he prayed to all the Sacred Ones to make me a strong defender of the people and keep me safe in all encounters with the enemy.

So was I made a Tewa warrior, and thereafter many of the people who had always looked at me with hate or pretended that they did not notice my presence gave me pleasant greetings when we met in the pueblo or in the fields. But Ogota, and other members of the Fire clan, were more than ever bitter against me. I learned that they were saying that the war chief had made a great mistake in making me a member of his society; that in vowing by Those Above to fight all enemies of the Tewas, I had lied, since I, a Navaho, would not fight my own blood people.

It is true that that part of the vow was troubling me greatly. Having made the vow, I felt that I must keep it — knew that I would keep it

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if the occasion arose — but I did not want ever so much as to lift my hand against the Navahos. I went often to the shrine upon Black Mesa¹ and, depositing there a prayer-stick, petitioned Those Above to turn the steps of the Navaho war parties in any direction except eastward to the pueblos of the Tewas.

On a day soon after we had harvested our corn, I went to the shrine late in the afternoon, set my prayer-stick in place, and prayed a long time to Those Above. Sun had set when I left the mesa, and when I arrived at the pueblo it was night. As I was going through the passageway between the two plazas some one at its south end spoke to me. By her voice I knew that she was Poanyu, Keeper of the Sacred Snake.

‘You are Wampin?’ she asked.

¹ The Black Mesa, a flat-topped, cliff-rimmed butte, is a mile above San Ildefonso Pueblo. According to Tewa tradition, a cave in its west wall was once inhabited by a giant and his wife who ate children and were killed by the Towae, the war gods. In the seventeenth century the Tewas refused to submit to Spanish dominion and fled to this mesa, where, on January 28, 1696, and again on February 27th to March 19th and on June 30th and September 4th, they were attacked by Diego de Vargas and his Spanish soldiers, and in the last attack completely routed. The shrine on top of the mesa is still used by the Tewas of San Ildefonso.

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‘Yes.’

‘Good! I have been standing here a long time, waiting for you. Come with me.’

Never before had this old widow, this woman member of the Patuabu, spoken to me. She rarely spoke to any one. She was greatly respected and feared. It was said that she was close to the Holders of the Paths of our Lives, and that to incur her enmity meant death.

I stood there, speechless, and again she said, ‘Come with me.’ I followed against my will, and she led to the doorway of her small home in the P’o clan (Water clan) houses. I had never seen any one other than she go in there, not even a member of the Patuabu. Within was the Sacred Snake. I had often said that I should like to see it. I did not want to see it now. I stopped, attempted to say that I had to go home, but somehow I could not speak. And again she said, ‘Come! Follow me!’

Against my will, trembling and breathless, I followed her in, and she turned and dropped the heavy leather door curtain behind me.

CHAPTER VII

EAGLE-DOWN FEATHERS

ON Poanyu's hearth was the dull glow of a dying fire. The old woman raked the embers together, put on fresh wood, and blew upon them until they blazed. Then she turned and, pointing to a couch, told me to sit upon it. I did so and looked about the low, narrow room. At the rear was a small passageway into another room, in which was fitted a screen of small willow sticks. As I stared at it the old woman said to me: 'Yes. It is in there that I keep the Sacred One.'

Even as she spoke the snake came slowly into view, gliding close up to the screen, its head held high; and such a head — I could hardly believe my eyes — why, it was larger than my two fists put together! Higher and higher the creature rose, nosing the screen spaces, seeking a way out, until it revealed a part of its body fully as large round as my thigh, and I knew that it was longer than the height of a tall man. I stared at it, speechless, and the old woman remained silent

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until it lowered its head and, turning, went slowly back into the darkness. Then she spoke: 'Young man, other than the members of the Patuabu, few, very few, have ever seen this Sacred Snake, carrier of our prayers to our kindred in the Underworld. I have brought you in here, allowed you to see it, because I feel that you are high in the favor of Those Above — they surely helped you kill the big long-claws — and therefore able to obtain for me that which I need.'

'Yes, and that is?' I said after she had long remained silent.

'Eagle-down feathers for prayer-sticks. I am nearly out of them. I want you to trap an eagle for me, bring me its down feathers.'

'But I have never trapped an eagle; I don't know anything about it —'

'You can easily learn to do it. Our Samayo Ojki — your good father, Nacitima — will tell you all about it; and you will of course go to the trapping place of the Sacred Snake at the ruins of Thin Bottoms Pueblo, to do it.'

I did not understand. 'The sacred trapping place? Thin Bottoms Pueblo?' I said, bewildered.

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‘Yes. Nacitima will tell you all about it. And you will do this for me?’ she asked impatiently.

‘Yes, I will try to do it,’ I replied.

‘Good! I am sure that you will succeed. Do not forget that I am a member of the Patuabu and so can help you. Lone, feared old woman though I am, I hear and see all that is said and done in this pueblo. I know what you asked of your good mother, Kelemana, some time ago: you told her that you wanted to become a member of the Patuabu. I have had my eyes upon you ever since that time. And now go. I have to attend to my Sacred One.’

I went out, all confused with what I had seen and heard, and hurried home to tell Nacitima about it and to question him. He and Kelemana both cried out that Poanyu was more than kind to select me to obtain down feathers for her, and that they would do all that they could to aid me. They would make up a party to go with me to the ruins of Thin Bottoms Pueblo, and Nacitima would himself help me to get an eagle at the catching place of the Sacred Snake. He would explain to me all that I should know about it when we arrived there.

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We started two mornings later. The party contained our family; Kutowa, his wife, and Choro-mana; Potosha and his wife and our old Summer Cacique and his wife. We crossed the river, went down the valley to its lower end, and followed an old, deep-worn trail of the ancient people up on to a timbered mesa.

It was after midday when from the edge of a high cliff we looked down upon those ruins that the Queres in their language call Tyuonyi and the Tewas named Thin Bottoms Pueblo, on account of the very thin-bottomed pottery that its ancient potters made.¹ Right under us, upon the north slope of a narrow valley, was the ruin of a great circular pueblo of many houses, and near it the ruins of several kivas. Along the top of the slope wound the acequia that had watered the cornfields of the ancient people. Nacitima told me that from where we stood we could see

¹ Tyuonyi, or in Spanish, El Rito de los Frijoles. This remarkable Queres Indian ruin, abandoned centuries before the coming of the white man, was first explored by Adolf F. Bandelier and Charles F. Lummis, and in recent years has been excavated and partly restored by Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt and his School of American Archæology. It is twenty miles west of Santa Fé by a good road, and hundreds of tourists visit it annually. The Tewa name for it is so absolutely unpronounceable that I can give only the translation of it, Thin Bottoms Pueblo.

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but a part of the ruins, and sure enough, when we descended into the valley by a narrow trail that zigzagged down the cliffs I saw in the white walls of soft rock many caves in which a part of the tribe had lived. In places they were one above another, two- and three-story houses, as it were.

Our Cacique led us to a large cave house in the cliff directly behind the pueblo ruin and said that we would make it our home while we remained in the valley. At the doorway in the walled-up front my brother drew back and looked at me fearfully. I knew what was in his mind. I signed to him to go in, and when we had set down our packs of food and blankets in the dusky room I took courage and asked the Cacique if the spirits of the ancient ones might not object to our stopping there.

He looked at me with surprise. 'Object to our stopping here? No! They will be glad! They will aid us in every way they can. But why do you ask that?'

'The Navahos avoid the homes of the ancient corn-raisers. It was against the strong protests of his medicine man that my father camped with his band at the ruins of Canyon de Chelly and

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soon afterward met death, he and many of his people, in their attack upon Walatoa.'

'Yes. Of course. In Canyon de Chelly, in our own Puye, just above, and here and in many another pleasant mountain valley our ancient ones lived happily, and their descendants would still be living were it not for the Navahos and Apaches and Utes. Suddenly appearing from somewhere in the north, they made terrible war against the ancient, peaceful peoples and obliged them to abandon their canyon and mountain-valley homes and build again in wide, open country. Here they came, those cruel wanderers of the desert, and from the tops of these cliffs shot down the workers in the fields, tumbled great boulders down upon the houses built against the cliff walls, and so made uninhabitable this rich valley. Can you wonder that the spirits of our fathers take revenge for that?'

'No, I do not wonder at it; they are right in what they do. But here are my brother and I, born Navahos —'

'But Tewas now, true Tewas!' cried Kelemana, putting a hand firmly to my lips.

'Yes. Tewas now, you two, and under the

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protection of Those Above. Fear not; the spirits of our ancient ones have only kindly feelings for you,' said the old Cacique. And at that Lone Rock smiled happily, and I myself felt relieved.

After a short rest Kutowa, Potosha, and my brother went hunting, and the old Cacique, Nacitima, and I went up the valley to the Plumed Serpent kiva of the ancient people. In a large cave in the cliff they had built it, partly below the cave floor and partly above it. Its roof had fallen in, and some of the round, rock-laid wall had fallen, but still on the wall below the cave floor were the red and yellow paintings of the Plumed Serpent and the Sun Father. There Nacitima and I left the old man to meditate and pray and by a steep and dangerous trail went to the top of the cliff directly above and to an old eagle trap upon its very edge. It was built four square to the height of a man, of lengths of pine logs that were partly rotted, and its roof had blown away. And there as we stood looking at it Nacitima told me that it was the trap of Poanyu, Keeper of the Sacred Snake, that there and there only, straight above the Plumed Serpent kiva, most sacred place, were eagles caught

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for Poanyu's use; that there eagles had been caught for Poanyu women from far-back time. It was, he said, a great honor to be selected to catch eagles for Poanyu, and he and Kelemanana were much pleased, very proud that the old woman had given me the sacred task. And then while we laid upon the trap a new roof of light sticks and dead grass he carefully told me all that I was to do to catch an eagle there. Then as the sun was setting we went down and joined the others in the ancient cave home. The hunters had killed a deer, and we had a good feast of meat and corn cakes.

Nacitima woke me before daylight, and, taking up my rifle and ammunition, I went with him across the valley and up on to the mesa to the south of it, where I shot a big male turkey. From there we hurried with it across the valley and up to the eagle trap. There we bound it securely to the one stout center pole of the roof and, barring its upper side of feathers, slit it open, exposing its liver and heart and smearing some of its white skin with blood. I then got down into the trap, and Nacitima covered over the hole in the roof through which I had entered and with a

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prayer to Those Above for my success left me to my lone watch. I held my carved lion up to the sky and prayed it and Those Above to help me in my new undertaking.

Except where the turkey lay the roof was so thinly constructed that I could see up through it, and through the spaces in the south wall of the trap I could look down into the valley. Down there I saw after a time Kelemana and Choro-mana go to the edge of the timber bordering the little stream and sit down and look up in my direction. They had said that they were going to sit out there and pray for me, pray that I might get an eagle that very day. My heart went out to them. Never, I was sure, had there lived a better woman, a better girl. And they cared for me. I said to myself that to have such love as they had for me was the greatest thing in life. I felt very happy. I had strong desire to do great things for them.

Soon a raven came, loudly making known his presence, and alighted upon the trap roof, eyed the turkey, and began walking to it. I poked him with a slender stick that Nacitima had given me for that purpose, and with squawks of fright the

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bird fluttered up to a branch upon the nearest pine tree and stared down at the trap roof, trying to see what it was that had struck him. 'Quak? Quak?' and again 'Quak?' he asked, turning his head this way and that way and half-spreading his wings and appearing so silly, so like our Delight-Makers, that I nearly laughed aloud. Back he came to the trap roof, eager to eat the exposed turkey liver, and I then gave him a sharp thrust with the stick that sent him swift flying to the other side of the valley. Then came several buzzards and three or four gray meat-birds, but I did not allow one of them to get so much as a taste of the turkey. They settled upon the trees back from the cliff edge and angrily scolded the thing that had struck them, wondered why they could not see it, dared one another to go back to the roof and the feast of liver and meat upon it. Soon one would attempt it, and then when I gave him a sharp poke with my stick and he flew up squawking all the others would flutter about again, squawking angrily.

I was having a lot of fun with the birds and was wishing that I could understand their language, when near noon I heard above me a loud,

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harsh ripping of the air, which Nacitima had told me would give me warning of the coming of an eagle. It suddenly ceased close above me, and I saw the great bird alight upon the south side of the roof and slowly fold his wings close against his body. He remained there for some time, holding his head so erect that I could not see it, but I knew that he was eyeing the turkey and all his surroundings. I held my breath. I feared that he would hear as well as I did the fast, loud throbbing of my heart. I could easily have shot him with my rifle, but that was not allowable if the eagle-down feathers were to be acceptable to Those Above, so Nacitima had repeatedly told me; I must seize and kill the bird in a certain way. And so, with all my muscles set and sudden perspiration breaking out all over me, I watched and waited for my chance.

The great bird shook himself; his feathers rustled; he began walking slowly across the roof, awkwardly as those fliers-over-all-the-world can only walk. Eagerly I watched his dark body, praying my carved lion for help. He stopped close to the turkey; I heard him rip out some of it with his sharp and powerful beak. I saw that



HE SPREAD HIS WINGS AND FLAPPED AND FLAPPED THEM

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his two legs were close together. Slowly, noiselessly I got upon my feet, raised my two hands up through a space between two small roof sticks and up through the dead grass covering, and, suddenly seizing his legs well above the claws, held them with all my strength. He spread his wings and flapped and flapped them, trying to fly, and almost took me off my feet. The light roof sticks and their grass covering were swept off as if by a whirlwind, and I drew him down through the opening, his wings beating and bruising my arms, his quick darting beak seeking to tear out my eyes. He was breast to me, and before I could turn him so that his back would be next me he ripped out a piece of my chin — see, there is the scar of the wound. I had not believed that an eagle could be so powerful, so hard to overcome. My strength was going. With an effort that I knew would be the end of it I bore the great bird down and down to the floor of the trap and knelt upon him until he ceased to breathe. I heaved him out over the wall of the trap, crawled out myself, and dropped down breathless upon the cliff edge.

Below I saw Kelemana and Choromana run-

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ning out from the edge of the timber, shouting and waving their arms, then saw the others hurrying up the valley. I got the heavy bird upon my back, took up my rifle, and went staggering down the cliff trail and met them. The old Cacique, crying out thanks to Those Above, took the bird from me, examined its plumage, and said that it was perfect. All the others praised me. I gave no thought to my smarting wound. I was very happy. The Cacique said that he would himself skin the eagle and give it, every feather of it, to the Patuabu in my name. I was glad to have him do it, for now that we had the eagle, Nacitima said that we would have a good hunt before returning home.

We all went to the cave house in which we were camped and ate some corn cakes and fat deer meat that the women broiled for us. They said that they were afraid to remain there while we were off hunting, afraid that they might be found and attacked by some wandering war party, so Nacitima said that they might follow us, but must keep well in our rear. The Cacique had us wait for him while he finished skinning the eagle, and as we were resting, watching him

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carefully removing the skin without rumpling the feathers, we heard voices on the cliffs above. We seized our weapons and stole out to see who were coming. One look was enough for us to know: they were our people, men and women, about a hundred of them.

The party was led by the war chief, Ogowasa, — Cloud Stick, — who told Nacitima that, learning that he had gone up to Thin Bottoms Pueblo, they had followed to get him to direct them on a hunt for bighorns. Nacitima therefore decided that we should all of us make a drive on Obsidian Mountain¹ on the following morning. He had with him his sack of ceremonial prayer things, and, taking it up and his gun, went off up the valley to one of the farthest cave houses, there during the night to fast and pray to Those Above for success for the hunt.

¹ Obsidian Mountain, or Santa Clara Peak, thirty miles west of Santa Fé, is the western one of the four cardinal sacred mountains of the Tewa and the Queres Indians. The others are: north, Bear Mountain, San Antonio Peak, northwest of Taos Pueblo; south, Turtle Mountain, the highest peak in the Sandia range; east, Lake Peak of the Santa Fé range. Pilgrimages are still made to these cardinal points for the purpose of making offerings to Those Above with prayers for copious rains for the growing fields of corn.

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That evening Choromana was not her usual happy laughing self.

‘What is troubling you?’ I asked.

She did not reply, and I said no more. But when I finished eating and went outside she followed; and when we were seated side by side with our backs to the cliff wall she whispered, ‘My man-to-be, I am afraid of that Ogota.’

‘Why? What has he done now?’ I asked.

‘That!’ she replied and showed me her round, soft arm ringed with a black bruise. ‘I was down by the little stream, gathering wood, and he came and seized my arm with terrible grip and hissed: “You! I tell you this once more: you shall never, never have that Navaho dog! I, Ogota, am going to be your man!” And more he would have said, except that just then some women appeared close to us, and with a last terrible gripping of my arm he flung it from him and turned away.’

I went all hot with anger. ‘This has got to end right now!’ I said and started to rise, but she held me back, crying:

‘No! No! You shall not go to him now! Oh, I wish that I had not told you about it! He cannot really harm me; he shall never again find me

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alone! Think what would happen should you now in your great anger kill him! His friends would kill you; then my father and Nacitima and Potosha would fight them. Oh, don't you see that you must keep away from him?'

I did so see it and promised that I would say nothing to him at that time, but added that if he ever again seized hold of her, I would have my way with him. And then I said: 'Choromana, we can end this. Let us go to your mother and father and tell them that we two are right now going to be, I your man, you my woman. Then Ogota will never again dare trouble you.'

'If we could! If only we could do that! But that vow my old uncle had me make to Those Above — well, you know that I cannot break it, that my mother would never allow me to break it.'

'Why — why did that old man make you vow that?' I cried.

'Because of his great love for me. He said that I was not to be just a woman of the pueblo, but a leader of women, as my man would be a leader of men.'

'My heart is away down. I have a feeling of coming trouble of some kind,' I said.

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Night was settling in the valley. As we rose to go back to the others sitting round their little fire in the ancient cave house she replied: 'Fear not. We are in the hands of the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives. I know, I know that they will be good to us.'

I passed a wakeful, uneasy night. With the dawn came Nacitima from his fasting and prayers and told us that, during a short sleep that he had had after sacrificing and praying, nothing of the future, good or bad, had been revealed to him, and without a favorable sign of some kind from Those Above he did not want to make the mountain hunt. But a little later Ogowasa came in and had some argument with him about it, and he finally but reluctantly said that we would make the hunt.

So, soon after sunrise, when we were all gathered together at the lower end of the row of the cave houses, Nacitima told off five men to remain with the women and ordered the rest to follow him, saying that he would tell us his plan for the hunt when we arrived at the foot of the mountain. Including my brother, we were forty-six hunters, twenty-four with guns, the rest

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armed with bows and arrows. We climbed out of the valley and went at a swift walk up the timbered mesa, in the more open places seeing plainly the bare upper slope and summit of the sacred mountain not far distant — so near in fact that we believed we would reach the edge of its timber line before the sun was halfway up to the center of the blue.

We had gone but a little way out from the valley when my brother stepped upon and broke one of his moccasin laces that had loosened, and I stopped with him while he repaired it. All the rest of the party passed us where we stood at one side of the trail, among them Ogota, who glared at us with eyes of hate. I gave no slightest sign that I noticed him; I could not trust myself to do even that. We soon caught up with the party, but instead of trying to press along the narrow game trail to Nacitima, whom we had been closely following, we remained in the rear, intending to run up and rejoin him when we should enter one of the open grassy parts of the mesa. We soon saw one ahead of about the length of an arrow flight, and Nacitima and Ogowasa next to him motioned for a halt while

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they looked it over for any elk or deer that might be there. There were none, and they led on out across it, and my brother and I were just passing the edge of the timber when, in the edge of the timber on the opposite side of the park, guns suddenly roared and smoked, and with loud yells a large party of painted and war-plumed men charged out at us. I recognized them at once as close friends of the Navahos. I had seen many of their kind many times in my father's camp; they were Utes. I was glad, glad that they were not Navahos, as I had feared they were when the roaring of their guns burst upon our ears. I saw that three of our party had fallen, heard Ogowasa and Nacitima shouting to us all to fight the enemy, take sure aim at them. I ran forward; my brother was at my side. We were soon in the close body of our party, running to meet the Utes; our war chief was shouting: 'Now! Spread out! Shoot! Shoot!'

CHAPTER VIII

TWO ARROWS FLY TRUE

ONCE before, at the time the Tewas had captured me, I had seen men fighting, killing one another, and the sight had sickened me. Now I myself was in such a fight, and again I felt sick and terribly excited too. We began firing at the enemy when they were about fifty steps from us, and some of them fell. The rest kept coming and shooting at us, those who had bow and arrows; those with guns had had no time to reload them. I saw that I could not reload mine before they would be upon us, could use it only as a club. Just then my brother gave a cry of pain, dropped his bow and arrows, and I saw that his left arm was broken.

‘Run! Run back!’ I shouted to him as I dropped my rifle, snatched up his weapons, and tore his quiver from his back. I no longer felt sick. I was suddenly terribly angry at those Utes, eager to make them pay for what they had done to my brother. I shot an arrow fair into the

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breast of one, and he pitched down into the grass. Others were falling, and some who were wounded were limping and staggering back to the timber. And still the rest came on, led and encouraged by their chief, a very tall slender man carrying a large eagle-plumed shield at his breast and brandishing a Spanish lance. Several arrows were imbedded in the shield. I aimed an arrow above it, let it fly with all the strength of my arms, and it went deep into him at the base of his neck. He dropped lance and shield and with both hands seized the shaft and attempted to pull it out. He sank to his knees, wavered upon them and went limply over upon his side. Ogo-wasa and Nacitima shouted mightily when he went down, calling upon us to run forward to meet the enemy bravely.

When their leader fell the Utes lost courage. As we advanced they turned and ran back into the timber. They were good runners; we could not overtake them.

At last our war chief called back to us to halt. As we sank down beside the trail to rest I looked round; there right behind me was my brother, my rifle in his good hand, blood dripping

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from the other! 'Nacitima! Come! See him!' I cried. 'Though wounded, his arm broken, still he followed with my Spanish weapon!'

At that, my brother fainted, and I was just in time to catch him as he was falling and ease him to the ground.

Nacitima, Kutowa, Ogowasa, and others came hurrying to us, and as the war chief knelt to examine my brother's arm he said to Nacitima, 'Samayo Ojki, they are brave, these your sons.'

'Yes! Brave!' cried others.

'Daily I give thanks to Those Above that I have them,' Nacitima replied, and he called upon Kutowa to make splints and help set and bandage my brother's arm while he was unconscious and unable to feel the pain of it.

Quickly, skillfully they did that, but not before Lone Rock came back to life and sat up; and though the setting of the broken bone was very painful, never once did he so much as groan.

All up and down the line our people were talking excitedly about the fight. Said one, 'If that enemy chief, he with the lance, had not been shot, some of us here would now be lying back there in that park.'

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‘Yes! If he had lived, we might all of us have ended our trail right there, for they were many more than we and brave enough until he fell.’

‘Who, I wonder, killed him?’ Ogowasa asked.

‘Maybe I did; I shot three arrows at him,’ one replied.

‘I saw him fall just after I had fired an arrow at him,’ said another.

‘We shall know who killed him when we go back there,’ said a third.

Almost I had cried out that I killed him; but others had shot at him; it might well be that my arrow had not been the fatal one. I was so anxious to know the right of it that I could not sit still.

Potosha and another were going up and down the line, looking us over, naming the absent ones, inquiring about them, and soon Potosha said: ‘Tetya! Not here! He is the fifth who is not with us.’

‘Dead! Shot when the enemy first fired at us. I saw him fall,’ one replied.

‘Ha! Missing, the one I should have first asked for, our Summer Cacique!’ cried Potosha. Our hearts went low, but leaped again as suddenly

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when some one replied: 'He survives! I saw him, gasping for breath, and unable to run farther, turn aside to sit upon a log.'

And then: 'Ogota! Not here! He is the sixth one not with us.'

None replied. We looked at one another. Finally one said, 'I don't remember seeing him after we entered the park and were fired upon.'

'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' said others.

One more missing man was named, making seven of our number, and then we backtrailed, but no faster than my brother could travel. We soon met our Cacique coming on as fast as his thin old legs could carry him, and were glad when we saw that he was unhurt. He was disappointed when we told him that we had been unable to overtake the enemy, but clapped hands together and cried: 'Anyhow, you made a good fight, my children. This day I am more than ever proud of you, my brave Tewas.'

As we neared the place of the fight we found two dead Utes close to the trail. We went out into the park and to the bodies there, carefully examining them, one after another. Eleven were Utes, five Tewas. Ogota was missing. Wounded,

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he might have turned back into the timber to conceal himself, some one said hopefully.

We gathered round the dead Ute chief, and Ogowasa drew from him the arrow that had laid him low. It went from hand to hand until my brother took it, stared at it, and suddenly cried: 'It is mine! My arrow —'

'What? Your arrow!' 'You shot the chief?' Ogowasa and others cried, amazed.

'It is my arrow, but he there, my brother, shot it. He killed the man.'

'Is it as he says? My son, did you shoot that arrow?' Nacitima shouted to me.

'Yes. When my brother's arm was broken I took his bow and arrows and used them; here upon my back is his bow and the remaining arrows,' I replied.

All of the men turned and stared at me and then at the old Cacique approaching me with the lance and the shield of the Ute chief. 'These are yours,' he said, handing them to me. 'Keep them, always keep them as proof of this great thing that you have done for us this day. But for you we might now all be lying dead here in this park.' And at that all there present shouted

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my name, called me a brave warrior. I was so overcome by their praise that I could not speak; my eyes became so misty that I could barely see to take the lance and shield.

There remained to be examined but one more Ute body. Nacitima was first to it and leaning over and staring at the arrow in the breast. Then, suddenly straightening up and turning to us, he shouted: 'Come! See this, another one of my son's killing!'

They gathered round; he drew out the arrow, and it went from hand to hand and round to me. All stared at me as if I were a stranger, and said Kutowa, 'He is only a youth, but in this, his first encounter with the enemy, he has killed more of them than any one of us!'

'My son, how did you do it?' cried Nacitima.

The old Cacique made reply for me. Raising a hand to the sky, he said: 'With Their help he killed them.'

As we turned to gather our own dead and bury them under a heap of rock-weighted brush I had so many thoughts at once that I was as one in thick timber in black night, trying to find a way out of it. I realized that in the fight I had been

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so frightened, excited, angry that I did not know fully what I was doing. I decided that the old Cacique was right; it was the power of Those Above, working through me, that had ended the trails of those two of the Utes.

It was long after midday when we looked down into the valley of the ancient ruins. None of those we had left there were in sight, and, alarmed about them, fearful that they had been attacked by another party of the enemy, we hurried down the trail and along the foot of the cliff to the first of the cave houses. We felt great relief when we saw those we sought pouring out from one of them, the men in the lead. But they were six, and we had left five to guard the women; and then we saw that the sixth one was Ogota. Before we met the women were anxiously looking us over; they surrounded us, some laughing as they clasped the ones they sought, others shrilly asking for those who were missing and then sadly weeping when they learned that they were widows.

When Ogowasa raised a hand and asked that all be silent, talking ceased. He turned then to Ogota and said: 'You! How came you here?'

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‘When the enemy fired at us I saw one of them coming this way, and I followed, and when near here lost sight of him; and then, fearing that he would sneak down into the valley and find some of the women wandering about and kill them, I came on to warn them, help protect them,’ Ogota replied readily.

The war chief stared at him, stared him straight in the eyes, and long and breathlessly we waited to hear his reply. Said he at last: ‘Ogota, I believe that you are a liar. I believe that you are a coward. I believe that you turned and ran when first the enemy fired at us, but I cannot prove it. None seems to know when and how you disappeared. This now I say to you: never shall you become a member of our Warrior Society until with our own eyes we see you do some brave deed and so prove that you are not a coward.’

‘I am not a coward. It was as I said,’ Ogota replied and would have said more, but the war chief turned from him and, after a short talk with Nacitima, ordered that we prepare for immediate return to Poquoge.

We were soon trailing up out of the valley, the

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long line of us, one half of the men in the lead, and the rest in the rear to protect the women. Choromana carried the lance, and Kelemanana the shield of the Ute chief. We moved silently; there could be no singing of victory songs, no praise of warriors where new-made widows were wailing for their dead. Traveling steadily, we arrived at the river at midnight and at daybreak crossed and created great excitement when we entered Poquoge and told the great crowd that immediately surrounded us of our fight with the Utes.

The old Cacique had returned to me the eagle skin, saying that after all he thought that I, its seizer, should give it to Poanyu. At midday I took it to her door and called her name, and she bade me enter. I hesitated. I did not want to go again into the home of that strange and terrible power. But again I was told to enter, enter at once, and there was naught for me to do but obey. When I dropped the door curtain behind me I had to stand for a time, blind until my eyes became used to the darkness of the small, strange-odored room. I perceived the old woman staring up at me from her couch. 'You succeeded; I

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knew that you would; I never make a mistake in the selection of my eagle catchers. Hand me the skin,' she said.

I gave it to her without a word and turned to go, eager to get back into the light of the kind sun, but, pointing to a place opposite her, she ordered me to be seated, and I obeyed. Little did I think what I was to see and what was to be done for me there in that dusky room.

Stroking the great eagle skin, smoothing its feathers, Poanyu said to me, 'Our Summer Cacique was in here this morning; we had talk about you.'

I made no reply, but could only wonder what had been their talk. She went on: 'You seized the eagle; though it tore your face, you forced it down to the floor of my trap and killed it. Then you fought the Utes and killed two of them, their chief and another; you are very brave —'

'No, not brave. I was afraid, terribly afraid of the enemy. I hardly knew what I was doing; I fought them because there was nothing to do but fight,' I interrupted her.

As if she had not heard me, Poanyu continued, 'Therefore I am going to help you.' At that she

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plucked the down feathers from the eagle skin and made two little heaps of them, removed the beautiful tail feathers, tied them together, laid them to one side and handed me one of the down heaps, saying: 'Those you will use for your own prayer-sticks. The tail feathers you will attach to your war bonnet; when I finish they will be of great help to you — a powerful protection in times of danger.'

She arose, went to the entrance to the inner room and removed the screen that filled it. As the sticks scraped the adobe wall I heard within there the muffled but loud rattling of her snake and heard her say to the creature: 'No, no, my Sacred One. Be not angry; it is I, just I, your poor Poanyu.'

And then she came out with it in her arms, its head raised high beside her face, the tail part of its body drooping down to the very edge of her gown. A heavy weight it was for her shrunken, slight old body. Down upon her couch she sat with it and placed it upon the floor before her. It raised its rattle tail and started to glide toward me. I turned cold all over and was about to spring up and run from the room, when she

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seized and drew it back, fondled it, saying: 'No, no, most Sacred One, messenger to our kin in the beautiful Underworld, rest here.' And as if it understood it coiled in front of her, its head held high, eyes blackly shining, tongue darting lightning-like. In the center of its great coil rose stiffly its long, tapering and now silent rattles.

About it in the four world directions Poanyu then sprinkled sacred meal, singing a song that I recognized at once as the one that I had heard the members of the Patuabu singing in the kiva. As then it had affected me, so did it now, giving me desire to do great things, deeds of service to the Tewa people.

Ending the wonderful song, Poanyu took up the bunch of eagle tail feathers, stroked the snake's head with them, and it never once flinched, but appeared to like it. And as she did that she made a long prayer in which she asked the snake, messenger that it was to the dwellers in the pleasant Underworld, to tell them to favor me, to make my eagle feathers my protector in times of danger. And having done that, she handed them to me and said that I might go, cautioning me to tell no one other than Nacitima

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or other members of the Patuabu that she had done this for me. This was, she said, a kiva ceremony that ordinarily I should not have had performed for me for a long time to come, but the Summer Cacique had agreed with her that, as some reward for what I had done for her and all the people of Poquoge it was right that she should do it for me at once.

‘Poanyu, you are very good to me,’ I said as with my down feathers in one hand and the tail feathers in the other I arose and started to the doorway.

She made no reply other than a wave of the hand and began another song of the Patuabu, the snake still coiled and motionless there before her. I hurried across the plaza and up our ladder and upon the roof met Choromana. I raised my hands before her and she cried:

‘Prayer feathers and war feathers! Where did you get them?’

‘Feathers of the eagle that I caught; Poanyu gave them to me,’ I replied and wanted so much to tell her all that I had seen in the sacred woman’s home, all that she had done for me, that I was like to burst keeping it to myself. I did say

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that I was going to put the tail feathers in my war bonnet, and she offered to sew them in place. We went in to Kelemana, who said that she must sew on half of them. They did the work between them, singing happily. To me that was a wonderful day.

Later when alone with Nacitima I told him what Poanyu had done for me, and he earnestly cautioned me to keep it secret, saying that I had enough enemies and would have more jealous of me if it were known.

Winter was now not far off, so with our horses Nacitima and my brother and I began cutting and packing in wood for the cold days that were to come. We went with others who were doing like work, always a large number of us with weapons ever ready, for we believed that a great party of Utes might soon appear to try to avenge the death of their chief. We had not brought in more than half the winter wood that we needed when one day at sunset two runners from Santa Clara came into the south plaza, inquiring loudly for our war chief, Ogowasa. They brought news that the Navahos, Comanches, Utes, and Apaches had gathered together and agreed to drive out the

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Spaniards and kill off all us corn-growing people. Lone Rock and I became very low of heart, for this meant that we should have to fight the Navahos, our own blood people.

In Poquoge and in all the other pueblos along the Rio Grande the people were now terribly depressed, fearful of what might come upon them at any time. Day after day passed, and the enemy did not come, but winter did, and the prayers of the shaman for deep snow upon the mountains were heard by Those Above. It fell up there so steadily, became so deep, that we knew the Navahos could not possibly cross the range. It drove the deer and elk and turkeys down into the river valley, where we killed numbers of them. And, heedless of the cold, we brought in plenty of wood for winter use and for the following summer too.

During those winter months the people partly recovered their cheerfulness. Then came spring, and the old dread of the enemy was again upon them. Now in seed-planting time it was not possible for all of the men to go daily out to the fields to work; by turns some worked in them while others watched for the enemy; and as

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planting time was short, women had to go to the fields in place of the men who watched. Every evening at sunset our war chief, Ogowasa, named the watchers for the following day, three parties, each of twenty men, to go north, south, and east of the pueblo to protect the workers from sudden surprise attack.

Here in Poquoge the fields had barely been made ready for seeding when we learned that workers in the fields of Santa Clara Pueblo had been attacked by a large party of Navahos and many of them killed. A few days later Spanish settlers above us were raided by the same party, and whole families of them were killed and their stock driven off, the surviving families fleeing to the Tewa pueblos for protection.

Before we finished planting our field Nacitima, my brother, and I had been three times named as watchers for a day. There came an evening when Ogowasa again called upon us, saying that we were to be members of the north party of watchers, which he himself would lead. Accordingly we went early to our couches and arose before day and ate the meal that Kelemana had ready for us. It was still night and very dark when we

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took up our weapons and hurried down into the plaza to Ogowasa, who was loudly calling our party members to gather about him. One by one we came and stood in line; he counted us, nineteen including himself, and asked who was the missing one?

‘Ogota,’ a man of the Winter People replied.

‘Ha! That one!’ the chief exclaimed.

‘Let us go without him,’ another proposed.

‘Yes, he is a useless one,’ said another.

‘He shall go with us! I have my reason for it! Go, one of you, tell him to come at once!’ Ogowasa exclaimed angrily.

But just then Ogota appeared, slowly approaching us, and, scolding him for his tardiness, the chief led us out of the pueblo.

The watching place of ours, the north party, was the top of Black Mesa. We arrived there just as the sun was rising and saw the south party ascending to their stand, the top of the bluffs at the lower end of the valley, where the river went roaring into another long, deep canyon. The other party had disappeared in the heavy growth of junipers that covered their stand, the high hill east of the pueblo. It was a

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still, warm morning. Look where we would, we could see no signs of an approaching band of the enemy, but we well knew that there was a large number of them somewhere upon our side, the east side, of the river. The sun was up but a little way when we saw the people come out from the pueblo and scatter to their work in the fields. In our field two small figures worked hard and fast planting the long rows of corn; they were Kelemana and Choromana helping her, doing the work that was rightly our work, men's work, that we would be gladly doing but for the cruel raids that the Navahos, my own blood people, were making upon these Tewas, my people also. The thought of it made me sick at heart. We were sitting a little apart from the others, my brother and I, and I said to him in our mother's language: 'I can't bear it, this constant killing of the kind and peaceful Tewas by those of our blood. Brother, we must find some way to put an end to it!'

'As well try to stop the flow of that river down there!' he shortly replied.

And then we heard Ogota behind us say to others, 'Hear them, those two, talking their

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Navaho language — probably making some plot against us.'

I do not know what I might have said or done to him had not Nacitima just then sprung up, shouting, 'See! Our south watching party! They have discovered the enemy!'

We were at once all of us upon our feet, staring at them running down the steep bluffs trail, several of them waving their blankets. The field workers were already running toward the pueblo as fast as they could go, and the east watchers were in sight, running in from their hill, some of them waving their blankets, the signal of discovery. So it was that we knew the enemy were coming from the southeast, coming down the valley of Poquoge Creek, invisible from our stand upon the point of Black Mesa.

'Our women, children — we may be too late to save them! Quick now, my brave Tewas, follow me!' Ogowasa shouted and took the lead down the steep trail.

CHAPTER IX

THE PATUABU PLANS A TRIAL

AT last was come the time that I had long foreseen with sickening dread: down there in the fields of Poquoge I was to meet my Navaho people, some of them most likely my own close relatives — uncles and cousins. As I followed Nacitima, next in line to Ogowasa, I was as it were torn raw by my warring thoughts. Could I fight my own blood people? No! Could I turn upon the kind Tewas — Kelemanana, Nacitima, Choromana, they and others who loved me and whom I loved? No! What was I to do? I did not know. 'Holders of the Paths of Our Lives! Show me now what path to follow!' I pleaded.

I got no answer. I became more and more confused. For a time I knew only that I was keeping well up with Nacitima, that my brother was close upon my left, that we were down off the mesa and crossing the outer fields of Poquoge. Then I saw that we were not going straight toward the pueblo, but to the east of it, as were also the

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south party of watchers coming in from their stand upon the bluffs. Ever since the opening of spring and the beginning of the Navaho raids along the river we had kept our bands of horses inside the pueblo during the night and sent them out in the morning to graze in the care of two or three men and a number of boys appointed by the clan chiefs to do that work. On this morning the herders had driven the bands out east of the pueblo and were now having great difficulty in rounding them up, though the east party of watchers had hurried down to their aid.

Now as we and the south party of watchers ran to help round up the horses and drive them to the pueblo, the Navahos appeared, more than a hundred of them, riding swiftly out from Po-quoge Creek toward the herds; and again, after seven winters, I heard the shrill song of the desert warriors — a song that I had once loved, had myself sung with boyish pride, but that now was dreadful in my ears.

By this time the mounted herders and the east-side watchers on foot had the bands pretty well together and coming in, but no faster than the watching party could run, as they had no ropes

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with which to catch and ride some of the animals. When they saw the Navahos ride up out of the creek valley and speed straight toward them they strove harder than ever to drive the horses toward us at faster gait, and we ran harder than ever to try to join them before the enemy could attack. But from the very start it was plain enough that we should be too late, and while we had still a stretch several hundred steps to run the singing, yelling, shooting, blanket-waving enemy were upon them, trying with all their desert cunning to kill them and at the same time stampede their big herd before we could arrive and counter-attack.

To stampede a herd of poor horses is a difficult undertaking. Our Tewa animals had been corralled so long at night and had so little time to graze during the day that they were little more than skin and bone — shadow horses without spirit. Instead of raising heads and tails and running from the broad line of the stampeders, many of them humped their backs and dodged about in the clumps of greasewood like so many rabbits, and the Navahos, having charged on with the others, wheeled about to gather up these

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stragglers. By this time the two parties of us had run up to within fair range and were beginning to shoot at them. I raised my rifle and aimed at one of the riders, but could not press the trigger; and, glancing at my brother, who was close at my side, I saw that he held his bow and several arrows in limp hands. Then with rifle still at my shoulder I shouted in my mother's tongue: 'Relatives! Friends! Do not steal these horses! Cease fighting these good Tewas and go home!'

Again and again I shouted, so excited that I did not realize that in all the shooting and yelling about me I could not possibly be heard. As one of three riders driving some of the stragglers of the band before them turned in his saddle to let fly an arrow at us I recognized him, my dead mother's younger brother, White Hawk, and, raising high my rifle and waving it to attract his attention, I shouted to him, called him by name, started to run toward him. But never once looking at me, he shot his arrow and went on. At my side my brother was crying: 'Our uncle! Our uncle, White Hawk! If only we could have spoken with him!'

By that time the Navahos had ceased trying



NEVER ONCE LOOKING AT ME, HE SHOT HIS ARROW AND WENT ON

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to round up the remaining stragglers and were driving the big herd off up the valley. All shooting ceased, and sadly enough the Tewas watched them go. Poquoge pueblo was afoot; firewood for the coming winter would have to be packed in upon men's backs. Ogowasa called out to us to scatter and find our dead and wounded. But before we could obey Ogota ran to him, shouting, 'Chief! I demand something of you!' And then, turning and pointing to my brother and me, he went on, 'I demand that you let us kill those two here now! They are traitors! They never once fired at the enemy! He, that Wampin, we saw what he did; he shouted to his dog Navaho people to fight us hard! He waved to them with his rifle, urging them to come in and fight harder! I saw him do that! A number of us saw him do it!'

'That is a lie! My son never did that!' cried Nacitima.

'You, Ogota, what were you doing during the fight? I saw you hiding back there behind a clump of greasewood!' said Potosha.

'Because I could not fight; with my first arrow my bow-string broke, as you can see,' he replied,

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holding up the bow so that all could see its dangling strings.

‘Could we have watched you, we should have seen you cut it!’

‘I did not cut it. It just broke! Ogowasa, chief, those two traitors, let us kill them!’

Turning then to me, Ogowasa asked: ‘Wampin, what did you?’

We had now been joined by nearly all the people of the pueblo, and among them and those of the watching parties I saw many a one staring at my brother and me with eyes of hatred as I replied: ‘Chief, it is true that we did not shoot at those raiders, our own blood people. I tried to shoot at them, but could not do it. Instead I shouted and shouted to them just this: ‘Relatives! Friends! Do not steal these horses! Cease fighting these good Tewas and go home!’ One of them I recognized, White Hawk, our mother’s brother, our uncle. I waved my rifle to attract his eyes to me, started to run to him and beg him to go and leave us in peace, but he never saw me — or if he did he never recognized me —’

‘There! You all heard that! He says himself

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that he did not fight! Chief, let us kill him and his traitor brother too!' Ogota shouted.

'Yes!' 'Dog Navahos, let us kill them!' 'Traitors whom we have sheltered, let us kill them!' cried some of the men and women in the crowd, more than one that I had believed our friends.

'Not until you have killed me!' 'And me!' 'And me!' Nacitima, Kutowa, and Potosha shouted, while Kelemana and Choromana and other women ran to surround and protect us.

'Be silent, all of you,' ordered the old Summer Cacique, who until now had not spoken. 'Well you know that only we members of the Patuabu can decide what shall be done about this, a matter of life or death to these two members of Poquoge. That we shall do in the south kiva five days from now. So let there be among you no more argument about it.'

None dared dispute the Cacique's decision. The crowd of people scattered. Some had not stopped to listen to Ogota's terrible charge against us; they had gone on in search of their missing ones and found them, two boys and three men dead and a boy and one man wounded.

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We could do nothing to comfort the bereaved ones. There would be no more working in the fields that day. With Nacitima and Kelemana and Kutowa and his family we turned away and went home. The women prepared a good meal for us, but my brother and I were so grieved at the attitude of many of the people toward us that we could not eat. We felt still worse when later in the day we went down into the plaza and were shunned by a number of men and youths who we had long believed were very friendly to us.

On our way back we found one friend standing at the foot of our ladder, waiting for us. Hurriedly and looking fearfully about, as if he did not like to be seen with us, he whispered: 'Ogota and his friends are already going to one and another of the members of the Patuabu, saying all that they can against you, urging that when they gather in the kiva five days from now they order that you be killed. Because I like you both I tell you this. You are not watched. Now to-night I advise you to leave Poquoge and return to your desert relatives.'

'Good friend, we have done no wrong, we will

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not sneak away. If the Patuabu decides that we are not to live, why, then we will die,' I replied.

'Should the Patuabu be so unjust to us as you hint it will, we should not want to live,' said my brother, much to my surprise. I had not thought that he was hurt so much as I by this sudden revived enmity toward us.

Making no reply, our friend turned from us, and we went on up home.

As the Navahos had got away with all but a very few of the horses of the pueblo, we thought they would not return to raid us for a long time to come. But in the evening, taking no chances of that, Ogowasa named as usual the men for the watching parties for the following day. Early in the morning Nacitima, my brother, and I took up our weapons and some food that was at hand, and went out to our field, where we worked all day, planting corn. Time and time again as I dropped the hard little kernels and covered them with moist earth I wondered if I should live to see them grow. In the evening, when we returned home, Choromana was there with Kelemana, both of them sad-eyed and silent; and when we had washed they silently set our food

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before us. Nacitima stared up at them inquiringly, and they turned their backs to him. 'Come! Come! Whatever the trouble is, tell it!' he demanded.

At that Kelemana began to cry; but Choromana quickly turned about and said: 'Wampin, my man-to-be, Ogota and his friends have been to members of the Patuabu, mostly the Delight-Makers, with a new charge against you. They now claim that it was because of your evil power that in the fight yesterday the Tewas were unable to kill or even wound a single one of the Navaho raiders.'

'Nacitima! Some of them believe or pretend to believe that!' Kelemana sobbed. 'I am sure that when the Patuabu meet, four days from now, only four days, there will be more of them against than for our sons. What are we to do about it? How save them?'

'Nacitima, I will tell you how!' cried Choromana, kneeling beside me and putting a firm hand upon my shoulder. 'They must go, leave here before the Patuabu meet, go to their desert people or elsewhere — perhaps never to return to Poquoge. And, Nacitima, I will go with them!'

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I will break my vow to my old relative, take now Wampin for my man and follow him wherever he may lead.'

'No! No!' Nacitima replied in thunder voice as he shoved his food bowls aside, sprang up, and paced the floor. 'They shall not leave here; nor shall you break your sacred vow! Am I not a member of the Patuabu? And other members — Ogowasa, that sacred woman Poanyu, our Summer Cacique — are our true friends. We will bring those Delight-Makers to their senses. Never, never shall the Patuabu sentence our innocent sons to death!'

'But some of them, the Winter Cacique himself, are of Ogota's clan — the Fire clan,' said Kelemana.

'Enough! We shall make them see that Ogota as he really is, a coward and a liar. We shall remind them of our son's killing of the big long-claws and the two Utes. Fear not; the Patuabu will never order the death of our good sons.'

Unnoticed by us, Potosha had come in and, standing by the doorway, listened to all that had been said. We all started and stared at him as he now exclaimed: 'Nacitima, you remember

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that yesterday I accused Ogota of cutting his bow-string. Well, he did; one of those boy herders, young Wolf Tail, of the Deer clan, saw him run behind a growth of greasewood, drop to his knees and take out his knife and cut it. And then, you know, when I said that he had done it I was standing right behind him, and I saw that the broken ends of the string were not frayed, as they always are when the string breaks under great strain. No. That string was clean cut. Young Wolf Tail and I will be glad to go before the Patuabu and tell them about it.'

'As you surely shall. Go now to the boy and tell him to say no more about it until that time,' Nacitima replied and hurriedly finished his meal and went out, telling us that he was going to talk with the Summer Cacique and other Winter People, members of the Patuabu.

Quietly and without speaking Kelemana and Choromana washed the food bowls and put them in place and sat down at one side of the little fire on the hearth. I wanted to tell Choromana what I thought of her, of her bravery in offering to break her vow, leave those dear to her and her good home to go with me, but I could not do it

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there. And then her mother came for her. As she passed me I clasped her hand. My friend, hands can often say what the tongue cannot utter.

There came hurried steps upon the roof in front. One of Kelemana's close friends, Pobe-siye — White Flower Woman — of the White Corn clan of the Winter People, entered. 'Kelemana! Poanyu is in our plaza calling for Wampin, saying that she wants him to procure food for her Sacred Snake!'

'Why calling for me there, where I seldom go?' I asked.

'Just what I asked her, and she put a hand to my mouth and angrily whispered: "Be still! I know that he isn't here as well as you do. I want these Winter People to know that I, Poanyu, have faith in him, want him to procure food for my Sacred One." She went the whole round of the plaza, asking for you, saying that she wants you to-morrow to catch and bring in alive a brush rabbit for her hungry Carrier of Prayers to the Underworld. Now she is coming into your plaza. There, you hear her?'

We did hear her plainly. Kelemana wiped her eyes, and brightly smiling, exclaimed: 'Wampin,

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what a friend we have in her! That which she is saying will surely have some effect upon those Delight-Makers.'

I started to go out and answer the call, but the women motioned me to remain. And then presently Poanyu came in, breathing heavily from her ladder climb, and, smiling and sighing, took the seat that Kelemana offered her.

'You heard me, Wampin. It was the best that I could do for you. For the very first time since I have been Poanyu I have called upon no other than a member of the Patuabu to catch food for my Sacred One. You will bring to-morrow a rabbit, a live rabbit, to my home?'

'Yes. If I can catch one. You are very good to me,' I answered. And after a short rest and refusing Kelemana's offer of food, she arose and went home.

When Nacitima returned he said: 'My son, this that Poanyu has appointed you to do is a very important, very sacred privilege, which has never before in my lifetime been given to any other than a member of the Patuabu. You must set six snares, the sacred number, for the rabbits and pray earnestly for success. The heavy growth

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of brush at the edge of the south fields is the best place for your purpose; there the rabbits are most plentiful. And now to sleep, to sleep.'

At break of day when I climbed over the barricaded entrance to the pueblo the night watchers there called out to me that they would pray for my success. I hurried out to the nearest shrine, laid a prayer-stick upon its water-worn stones, and went on to the edge of the south fields, where at my approach two little rabbits turned from the sprouting corn that they were eating and disappeared in the brush. I found the entrances to their underground homes and set in each of them a snare, the round loop of a buckskin string, the end of which I tied to the top of a bush just behind the hole. Then, hurrying on, I soon set the remaining snares in holes that I found, praying all the time to my carved stone lion and to Those Above to give me success in my undertaking, this that I was doing for Poanyu and her Sacred One. They heard, they pitied me. The sun was barely clear above the eastern mountains when I saw one of the string-tied bushes shake. I ran to it, seized the rabbit that was jumping and strangling in the clutch of the noose round its

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neck and then, taking up all the other snares, hurried homeward. As I neared the pueblo the field workers and their three watching parties were just coming out from it, and very anxiously I watched their faces as I passed them, with the rabbit sitting quiet in my hands. Some smiled when they saw it, gave me words of approval and encouragement; but others — and they were many, far too many — gave only black looks or pretended that they did not see me. My happiness in catching the rabbit vanished. My heart was very, very low as I crossed the plaza to the home of Poanyu and spoke her name.

‘Enter,’ she replied, and I went into the strange-odored, dusky room. ‘You have it. I knew that you would not fail, and you are back soon. Surely Those Above are kind to you,’ she went on as she moved to the entrance to the other room and motioned me to follow. There she half-pulled out the willow screen that filled the entrance and told me to toss in the rabbit. As it softly thudded to the floor somewhere there in the darkness the Sacred One sounded its huge tail rattle, and a sudden cold feeling went all up and down my back.

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My task was finished; I turned about, eager to leave the musty place, but Poanyu detained me, made me kneel with her before the screened entrance; and then in language that I could not understand, had never heard before, she prayed to the Sacred One, occasionally speaking my name; so was it that I knew she was praying for good for me. She prayed a long time and at last told me that I might go.

On that day we finished planting our corn, and on the following morning we went out to help Kutowa finish his planting. His field was one of those farthest south of the pueblo and close under the bluffs that round in to form the east wall of the lower canyon of the river. Adjoining it on the east was the field of Ogowasa, our war chief; there, assisted by his woman and his daughter, he was putting in the last of his corn. Helping us were Kelemana and Choromana. Next west of us was the field of Tetya, in which was working his widow assisted by her two sons, and her nephew, Ogota. From the west edge of this field a dense growth of brush sloped down to the edge of the river and extended up it past the other border fields and well north of the pueblo. Upon

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the bluff close above us we could see the south party of watchers; some standing, and some sitting upon the topmost ledge of rock.

We were so near the workers in the west field that we could hear their talk. Ogota seemed to be very happy; he sang and danced about with his hoe more than he worked. After a time we heard him say, and very loudly, for our ears: 'Well, aunt, to-morrow evening the Patuabu meet, and I know what will happen then. They will order that a certain two be put to death. I know that; I have my friends. I can hardly wait for that meeting to begin — and end.'

We did not hear the woman's reply. Nacitima and Kutowa both told me to pretend that we did not hear him. I had not intended to say anything to him. He had voiced the thought that was heavy within me; there remained but this day and the next one, two more days, that my brother and I could call our own; and then — perhaps the end for us. Though Nacitima was brave enough before us, I could plainly see that he was very uneasy, very fearful of the result of the meeting. He could not know what many of the Patuabu would do; they seldom told even their

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wives what they would do about matters that they were to decide; they listened to the people's talk and said nothing.

Choromana and I were working together, and, coming closer, she whispered: 'That Ogota, maybe he does know that the Patuabu will decide against you. Wampin, you must not risk it! At least go to-night and hide out where later we can let you know the result of the meeting. And if it is against you — then, Wampin, you and your brother and your Choromana leave Poquoge never to return.'

'No. Choromana, we cannot do that. It would be too cowardly, as if we really were the traitors that Ogota says we are —'

I never finished the rest that I would have said, for just then, shooting and singing, a great crowd of warriors burst from the brush above us and ran straight toward Poquoge. The field workers in that vicinity fled before them.

CHAPTER X

A NEW WAR CHIEF

YES, for the second time in this valley of Poquoge I heard the shrill war song of my desert people, the Navaho. I knew only too well their deceiving ways. This was the party of them that had driven off our horses.

From all directions the people in the fields and the three watching parties were now also running toward the pueblo, where only old men, a few young men, and the women remained to defend it against the powerful enemy. We could see some of them gathering upon the roofs of the houses upon each side of the narrow passageway and knew that others were hurriedly blockading it. I had little hope that they would succeed in keeping the enemy without the walls until we could arrive. I said to my brother, who was close beside me: 'Run your fastest! When we are near enough to be heard, begin shouting to our desert people to cease fighting and make peace with the Tewas. If our uncle is one of them, we will call upon him, as he loved our mother, to do this.'

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We were five, running close together — Ogo-wasa, Kutowa, Nacitima, my brother, and I. Upon our right were other groups of men running to the defense of the pueblo, and well behind the line of us our women helpers were coming on at a much slower pace. Ogota was not with us. I looked back and saw him with the women, running close beside Choromana; at the same time I noted that the men of the south watching party were down off the bluffs and just at the edge of the fields, coming on as fast as they could run. And now while we were still some distance from it, the enemy, shooting and spearing and clubbing the few of our field workers who were first to oppose them, arrived at the pueblo and went crowding into the passageway; and well we knew that if they succeeded in clearing the barricade of logs across its inner end, Poquoge was forever lost to us. Wise were the long-ago builders of this pueblo. They had supported the roofs of the passageway houses with extra large and heavy logs and piled along the tops of the roofs long rows of large stones to be hurled down upon an attacking enemy.

As the war party crowded into the passageway

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the old men and the few young men behind the barricade began shooting at them with their bows and arrows and two or three guns, and down upon their heads and shoulders came a continuous shower of the stones, thrown by the women, who, standing well back from the roof edges, were well protected. But they knew that the throwers were women, that they could be more easily overcome than the defenders of the barricade, and they saw a way to get at them. Five or six of the party ran to a threshing corral that stood near by, tore off some of the long and heavy top poles and carried them to the wall of the pueblo, laid them slanting against the top of it, and started to climb them. It was just then that we and many other little parties of the field workers were closing in upon them, Ogowasa shouting, 'Shoot the pole climbers!'

I did not shoot at them; nor did my brother. Unable to bear the shower of stones, the big war party were now running out from the passageway and their leader, Buffalo Hump, whom we recognized at once, was shouting to them, 'Gather around here and protect these pole climbers; they will soon open the way for us into the pueblo!'

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We ran toward him, shouting his name, telling him to stop fighting and make peace, and in Tewa I asked the same of Ogowasa, but in all the shooting and yelling, fast growing louder, neither chief heard us or even looked at us. 'Shout louder! Run faster!' I urged my brother.

Just as I shouted that to him I saw one of the Navahos shoot an arrow, as I thought, at me. But, no! It struck deep into my brother's breast, and down he fell, arms outstretched, and never moved. I paused beside him, saw his face fast turning gray, knew that he was dead, and at once as quick as a flash of lightning my love for my mother's people turned to hate. I fired my rifle at the crowd of them round the pole climbers, dropped it and took up my brother's bow and quiver of arrows, shouted to him — as if he could hear! — 'I will avenge you!' and ran to overtake our war chief and fight at his side.

The women upon the house roofs on the north side of the entrance way had now discovered the attempt of the enemy to get at them, and some, seizing the ends of the poles, were trying to push them sideways and down while others were hurling stones upon the climbers. But the poles were

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held so firmly that they could not move them. Two women were shot almost at the same instant. And then they all lost courage and fled back across the roofs and dropped down among the defenders of the passageway.

By this time many of our field workers had arrived, and more were fast coming in, but we were not yet equal in number to the enemy, massed close together in front of their pole climbers and fighting us with bows and arrows, lances, and guns that they used as clubs. I somehow forced my way close up to Ogowasa. The crowd of us were so dense that I could not use my bow. I tripped against something — a war club, the loop of its handle still fast to a dead man's wrist. I threw away bow and arrows and took it. And then we were right in among the enemy, fighting them hand to hand, and I looked for naught but heads, heads near enough for me to crack with my stone war club. I struck and struck with all the strength of my right arm. I saw that we were surely wedging our way into the crowd of them, nearing the poles set against the wall, and soon we had possession of the one farthest north of the passageway. Ogowasa

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shouted: 'Climb, some of you! Go fight those now inside!' He then turned to fight his way to the next pole, and Nacitima and I and many others followed his lead. Then suddenly Ogowasa went down, pierced through and through by a lance thrust, and Nacitima took up the lead, shouting to us to follow, and was almost at once struck down by Buffalo Hump, who was using his gun as a club.

I must have gone crazy when I saw Nacitima fall, crazy from anger. I took the lead, eager to get at Buffalo Hump, shouting to him in his own language: 'Killer of my Tewa father, I shall kill you! And you, killers of my brother, you shall pay!'

Buffalo Hump heard me, stared, and then shrank back from me. A number of his party had crowded in between us; I could not reach him. I shouted and shouted for more Tewas to come my way, felt them helping me push forward, striking, thrusting, knifing our way forward, and again and again I shouted in Navaho, 'You murderers of my brother, of my Tewa father, you shall die right here!'

They who heard me did not know what to

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make of a Tewa shouting to them in their own language. They began to give way before us; three or four of them surged to right and left of me, and, springing forward, I dodged the blow that Buffalo Hump aimed at my head and felled him with my war club. At that those near him turned about and ran from us, shouting that their chief was dead. The word of it spread, and as quickly as one could count, say, twenty, the whole party of them were running from us, up round the pueblo and across the fields to the north. We did not pursue them, for there remained to be disposed of those who had entered the pueblo by climbing the poles. I did not take part in that, for I was attending to Nacitima, not dead, as I could tell from the slow beating of his heart.

Only five of the Navahos within the pueblo were killed. The others, twenty or more, escaped by running across the roofs and jumping from the north wall. Then the passageway was cleared of the barricade, and the women came pouring out, eagerly seeking their loved ones, and at once began sad mourning for those of them who were dead. Kelemanah came running to me, knelt beside Nacitima, saw that he would live, and



I TOOK THE LEAD, EAGER TO GET AT BUFFALO HUMP

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asked for my brother. 'Dead!' I replied, pointing to the body, and she ran and seized it, gathered it in her arms, and cried, heart-broken. Then came Choromana with an olla of water, and we bathed Nacitima's head, brought him to life, and helped him sit up. The wounded and the dead were being carried to their homes. The two Caciques were going about in the crowd of us, trying to learn how great had been our loss. Soon the Winter Cacique cried out, 'Ogota, what of him?'

None answered, and he asked again. At that Choromana sprang up and angrily replied: 'I will tell you about him. He was with us women out in the farthest-south fields, and when our men ran to fight up here he held back with us, seized hold of me and tried to make me run off with him. I fought him, scratched his face, and bit him. He let go, and I ran on and joined Kelemana and the others and saw no more of him. Coward that he is, he no doubt is still hiding out there in the brush.'

Then the man who was that day the leader of the south watching party spoke up very loudly: 'Yes, Ogota is out there in the brush, but he is no longer hiding. He is dead.'

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‘Dead!’ his mother cried.

‘But there was no fighting out there! What killed him?’ cried his aunt.

‘I can only say that he died a coward’s death,’ the man replied.

‘You killed him!’ shrieked the mother, running up to the man and raising her hands claw-shape as if she would tear out his eyes. ‘You, or some of your watching party killed him! Tell me, I demand that you tell me, who killed him; he too shall die!’

So passed my enemy, Ogota.

That was a sad time for us people of Poquoge. Thirty-five of our men and seven of our women had been killed; there was mourning in nearly every home in the pueblo. As soon as we could leave Nacitima, Kelemana, Choromana, and I went out to take the body of my poor brother to the burial place that we had decided upon, the entrance to the lower canyon of the river, and old Poanyu went with us, comforting me as best she could.

Night came. We had no desire for food. Nacitima lay upon his couch, suffering great pain, and Kelemana and I sat before the empty fire-

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place, grieving for our dead. Then came Choromana with burning splinters of pine and built a fire for us, gave me a kiss, and, sitting down by Kelemana, took her in her arms and held her as she would a little child. And presently we heard an old man down in the plaza saying over and over, 'All you who mourn, take some comfort in this: you have not forever lost your loved ones; there comes a time when you shall join them in the pleasant, the beautiful Underworld.'

'But my son, my good, my beautiful son! Oh, all too soon he went there,' Kelemana wailed.

And then we heard our old Cacique crying: 'Hear! Hear! You Summer People members of the Patuabu! We shall not meet to-morrow evening. We are to meet six days from now. At sunset of that day we will meet, not here, but in the kiva of the Winter People.'

In the excitement of the day I had forgotten all about the meeting that was to decide the fate of my brother and myself. And now he was never to be judged. 'So! Instead of one I have anyhow six more days to live!' I said.

'Are you crazy? After all that you did for us

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this day, do you think that the Patuabu will decide against you?' cried Kelemana.

'No. They will not do that now,' said Nacitima, but none too surely, I thought.

'At that meeting they will name a new war chief—you, Nacitima, I think,' said Choromana.

'Not I. Without doubt I shall be no more than Samayo Ojki so long as I live,' he replied.

'If not you, I know who he should be,' said Kelemana.

'So do I; Wampin, my man-to-be, and no other,' said Choromana.

I could not tell them my own heavy thought. Instead of the south kiva as usual the Patuabu was to meet in the kiva of the Winter People, Ogota's friends and relatives. I was sure that that meant no good for me. And now more than ever I wanted to live, and live for but one thing: to make unceasing war upon the Navahos.

Though we mourned for our dead, still we had to work. On the following morning Kelemana and I, after making Nacitima as comfortable as we could, went again to help finish the planting of Kutowa's field. When that was done Kelemana and I on the following days repaired our

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own acequia, turned water into it, and thoroughly wet our plantings. And all the time we had no heart for the work, could only think of the dear one who was gone from us forever.

The sixth day came. Our work in the field was finished, and Kelemana and I remained at home with Nacitima, who was still weak from his wound; and so heavy were our thoughts that during all the long day we barely spoke to one another. When the sun was low in the west Choromana came in to us. She looked at me sadly and sat down without one word of greeting to any of us. Time passed; none spoke until below we heard the Summer Cacique crying out that the sun was setting, that all the members of the Patuabu should at once gather in the north kiva. Then Choromana said that she had come to help Kelemana take Nacitima to the meeting. Supporting him on either side, they led him out, and I was left alone. I prayed and prayed to the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives, prayed for but one thing — that I might live fully to avenge the death of my brother. It seemed as though my heart would burst with the hatred I had for the Navahos, my own blood people. Kelemana and

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Choromana returned, sat on either side of me and put their arms round me. They did not speak; nor did I. Now and then I could feel them shiver as if they were freezing there before the little fire in the hearth.

At last we heard the scuff, scuff of feet that we were listening for, and there entered a young man who told me that I was to go to the north kiva. He accompanied me to the steps of it, where a great crowd had assembled. I did not look at them as I passed. I mounted the steps, crossed the roof, descended the ladder, saw the members of the Patuabu sitting upon the bench that circled the wall, all of them but Poanyu, who was sitting near the board-covered Sipapu, her huge Sacred One coiled in front of her and nodding its head at the sacred fire in the hearth. I felt cold, numb. As in a dream I heard my name. The Summer Cacique was calling to me. I crossed the kiva and stood before him, and the Winter Cacique, sitting at his right. 'Here, now I am to be sentenced to death,' I said to myself.

Raising his hand to attract my attention, the old Cacique said to me, 'Wampin! From the day when you, a captive, entered Poquoge we of

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the Patuabu have had our eyes upon you. Certain ones in the pueblo have been your enemies. We have been pleased at the way you treated them, always fairly. We felt proud that you were one of us when you killed the big long-claws; proud of you, grateful to you, when you killed the two Utes. Well we know that when, the other day, our brave war chief fell it was you who saved Poquoge by killing the leader of the enemy, a man of your own blood people. Wampin, we met here to-night to do two things: consider the charges that had been made against you and appoint a new war chief. We at once, all of us, agreed that you were not and had never been other than a brave defender of Poquoge. And then Poanyu, sitting there with her Sacred One, declared that you were more than that. She said that, young though you are, you have proved to be the greatest warrior who has lived in this pueblo in her long lifetime, and that you should now be our war chief. At that I asked the others here what they thought about it, and one after another all round the circle of us, without one exception, they spoke in your favor. Wampin, I need not ask if you will always defend Poquoge

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against all enemies of the Tewas, for we know that you will. Wampin, War Chief of Poquoge, member of the Patuabu, sit you there in that vacant place in our circle, where but a short time ago sat he who is now in the pleasant Underworld, Ogowasa.'

Was I surprised when I heard that? My friend, I could hardly believe my ears. I looked round the circle of those men and saw that even the Winter People members of it, those who I had thought hated me, were looking at me with approving smiles. I could not keep back the tears that came to my eyes. As one half-blind I wobbled to that vacant seat and sank down upon it. The chief shaman began praying to the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives, asking them to make pleasant and long my path and the paths of all the Tewas, and when he had finished, Poanyu whispered something to her Sacred One, and then began a sacred song, in which the others joined. It was the song that times before, as now, made me tremble, filled me with desire to do great things. It gave me strength to stand up and say as soon as it was ended: 'I am very grateful to you all for making me the War Chief of Poquoge

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and a member of the Patuabu. And now that I am your war chief, there is something that I want to do at once. Too long the Navahos have had their way with the people of the Tewa pueblos. I want now to lead a large war party against them!’

Silence followed that. I sat down, surprised that I had had the courage at once to tell that council of the Patuabu my great desire. Said the old Winter Cacique at last, ‘We Tewas have never gone out to war in enemy country.’

‘And because of that they do not fear you,’ I replied. ‘True, the Navahos are many, but they are scattered out in small bands. We can fight them one by one.’

‘I say yes to that! The blood of our dear ones they have killed is crying for revenge!’ Poanyu exclaimed.

Then others spoke in favor of my proposal. I was questioned as to the size of the different Navaho bands and their probable location. Finally after much talk it was agreed that the chief shaman should fast and pray about it and on the evening of the fourth day let us know if the gods were in favor of our going to fight the enemy. So ended the council.

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I helped Nacitima home, almost carried him up our ladder, and then Kelemana and Choromana came hurrying out and got him in and upon his couch. They stood and stared at our smiling faces. 'You are free! Free!' cried Choromana.

'He is more than that. He is the War Chief of Poquoge!' said Nacitima.

At that the two almost went crazy. They hugged and kissed Nacitima and me and cried and laughed at the same time as they hurried to prepare a little feast for us. Then when the food was placed before us Choromana sat down beside me and said: 'My man-to-be, oh, soon, very soon! To-morrow I shall begin building our home. Kelemana, my mother, and my aunts will help me.'

'Good. It will be ready for us when I return,' I answered.

'Return? Where are you going?'

'West. To the Navaho country. To make them cry, they who killed my brother!'

'No! No! You shall not go! You would be killed!' she cried, seizing me.

'Nacitima! We have lost one son!' Kelemana cried. 'Never, never shall Wampin go to war against those terrible people of the desert!'

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‘You women, listen!’ he said sharply. ‘This is a matter in which you have no voice. Our shaman is fasting and praying about it. If Those Above favor it, Wampin goes, and I go with him. Four nights from now our shaman will let us know if we are to go or stay.’

‘And if you go, I go with you!’ It was the voice of Kutowa, come to take Choromana home. Without another word to me she sprang up and ran from the room.

Early the next morning she came again and said, ‘I shall commence building our home to-day, for I am sure that the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives will decide that your path is right here with me in this valley of Poquoge.’

‘It is, but it has one branch that goes out into desert and back, and I shall travel the whole length of it.’ I answered. ‘So, as I told you last night, begin building our home at once that it may be ready for us when I return.’

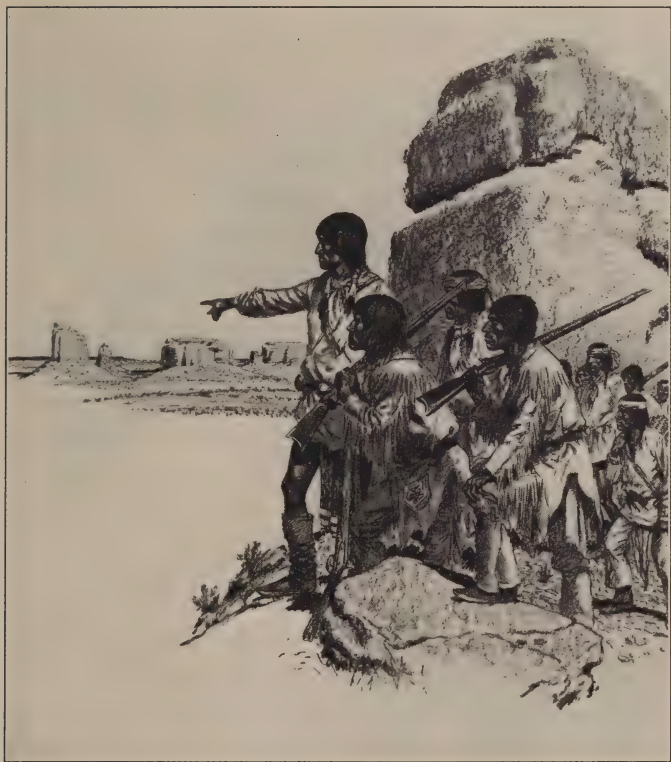
To escape her and Kelemana’s pleadings and reproaches Nacitima and I seized our weapons, and I helped him out to our field, where we lingered all day. In the evening when we returned

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we saw the beginnings of a second-story addition to Choromana's mother's house.

Early on that fourth evening Nacitima and I went to the north kiva and found all of the members of the Patuabu gathered there except our shaman. He soon came, however, and took his seat and at once told us that, though he had seen no dead enemies in his visions, he had been given other signs that made him sure that Those Above favored war being made upon the Navahos. The Summer Cacique then said that war it was to be and bade me say just what I wanted to do about it. I replied that I wanted to start out as soon as possible, with all the warriors who would go with me, not only those of Poquoge, but those also of all our other Tewa pueblos. All of the members approved that, and two of the Delight-Makers offered at once to go to the other pueblos to get all who would to join us, the start to be made from Poquoge on the night of the sixth day from that time.

Three days later our messengers returned from their rounds with the good news that many of the men of the other pueblos were coming to join our war party. They began to arrive on the fifth day,



WE LOOKED OUT UPON COUNTRY THAT I ONLY OF OUR
PARTY OF MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED HAD EVER SEEN

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and on the night of the sixth day, when we left Poquoge, we numbered in all three hundred and twelve men. We were three nights crossing the mountains. When the morning of the third day came we looked out upon country that I only of our party of more than three hundred had ever seen — the butte-studded desert country of the Navahos. My advisers stared at it and shook their heads. How people could live in all its barrenness was more than they could understand.

On our fourth morning out from Poquoge I hid my party for the day in a place where I had often camped before — the spring head of a very long canyon running northwest to the San Juan River, a canyon that the Spaniards call Canyon Largo. I sat down with my advisers to eat, but a great sadness had suddenly come upon me, and I could not take a mouthful of the food. I got up and wandered about, thinking of my father and mother, of the times when I had played there with the other children of our band. I even found the remains of a little shelter of rocks and sticks and juniper branches that my brother and I had built, and at that my eyes went wet with the tears that I could not keep back. I returned to

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my advisers; they made me eat a few pieces of dried meat and corn cake. Nacitima had already named the watchers for the day. I lay down and slept and had a vision of my mother, sadly looking at me, sorrowfully reproaching me for something, but what I could not hear. I awoke and felt great distress. All the rest of the day and all through the night as we traveled on I could think of nothing but my vision, trying to understand the meaning of it. Then as we again went down into the canyon to hide for the day it came to me. My mother did not want me to make war against my own blood people! What then could I do? Refuse to lead my eager party farther and be judged by them a coward? I could not do that. Suddenly came to me my mother's often-repeated plea to my father: 'Leave the peaceful corn-raisers — the Tewas — to their peaceful ways!' That was it she had been saying in my vision of her. She wanted me to make peace between the Navahos and the Tewas.

Just then our watchers came hurrying down to us and reported that farther on bands of horses and sheep were being herded up out of the canyon on to the desert and that, judging from

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the smoke they had seen, we were near a large camp of the enemy. Thereupon the whole party began preparing to fight and looking to me and my advisers for orders. I told them to remain as they were for a time and, taking Nacitima, Kutowa, and our shaman one side, told them about my vision and what I thought was its meaning. The old shaman at once said that he believed I might be right about it, as he had had no vision of fighting or dead men and Those Above had plainly favored our setting out from Poquoge.

Said Nacitima: 'My son, if peace between us and the Navahos can come of this, our loved one will not have died for nothing!'

'Nor those who fell with him,' said Kutowa.

'Let me anyhow go to the camp below and try to make peace,' I said. 'If I fail to return, you can then easily wipe out the camp. There cannot possibly be a hundred men in it.'

They agreed that I should make the attempt. We told our party about it, and they were pleased.

It was some time after dark when I neared that camp of twenty hogans and began shouting that I was a Navaho returning to my people after an absence of many winters. The people rushed out

A Son of the Navahos

to see who I could be, and in the lead of them was my own uncle, White Hawk. I made myself known, and he embraced me, and hurried me to his hogan. The other principal men of the camp followed us in, and we began a talk that lasted far into the night. I had first to tell of my life with the Tewas, of their kindness to my brother and me. I mentioned that my brother had but recently been killed by a Navaho arrow, but I did not speak of the part that I had had in the fight in which he had lost his life and was glad that none of my uncle's band had been present. I then began pleading for peace, lasting peace, between the pueblo peoples and the Navahos, and my uncle at once favored it. Others there were against it, however, one of them saying: 'Why should we make peace with the Tewas, people who, like ants, remain always close to their nests, people whom we have always had great fun in killing and taking their horses?'

That made me angry, and angrily I replied: 'If you do not make peace with them, you will be sorry! From now on they intend to come out here in parties of three or four hundred and fight you, band after band. You can never

A New War Chief

destroy them in their strong-walled pueblos. You can live here only in widely scattered bands, so in time they can make an end to the Navahos. Right now close above here in this canyon are more than three hundred Tewa warriors, waiting to kill off all you men of this band if I fail to return to them. I, myself, their war chief, led them out here to get revenge for the death of my brother and the many Tewas that fell with him. And this night all of you here would have been killed, had not my mother appeared to me as I slept and turned me from thirst for revenge to great desire for peace.'

At that the women in the hogan and the many of them listening outside cried out with fear. I saw that the men who had objected to any talk of peace were also frightened. Not so my uncle. Patting my shoulder, he said to me: 'Nephew, I am proud of you. Peace there shall be between us and your Tewas. I have enough influence with the other chiefs of our people to assure you of that. And now take me to the camp of your warriors. I want to talk with them.'

We were soon there, and round a little fire, I interpreting, he talked with our old shaman until

A Son of the Navahos

morning, Nacitima and Kutowa listening and approving; and the result of it was that fifteen days from that time my uncle promised to arrive in Poquoge with all the other chiefs of the Navahos, and make a treaty of peace with the Tewas. Our whole party then accompanied my uncle back to his camp, where we rested and feasted that day; and on the following day we set out for home, nearly half of our number upon horses that were given to us.

The sun was setting, four days later, when we arrived at Poquoge. The people, rushing out to greet us, were surprised when they saw that we brought no scalps of the enemy, but more than happy when they learned that their greatest enemies were soon to make a lasting peace with them.

Hand in hand Choromana and I walked into the south plaza, and she pointed to our home, completely finished, and told me that it was furnished too with all that we should need. We mounted the ladder, crossed the roof of her mother's house, and at the doorway of our house she said to me: 'It is no longer "my man-to-be." Enter, my man!'

A New War Chief

So long ago it was, that happy day of our youth! Ha! Though we are old, very old, we are happy yet!

Upon the day appointed the Navahos came, not only my uncle and the other chiefs, but great numbers of them with their women and children and with horses and blankets as presents to us; and there in our south kiva was made a treaty of peace between us and them that to this day has never once been broken.

My friend, in time our old Summer Cacique went to the pleasant Underworld, and following his death the Patuabu named me to take his place. There! Do you hear her? Choromana is calling us to come and eat. I am sure that we are to have, as the Spaniards name them, *enchiladas* and *tortillas*.

THE END

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